

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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TWO (SIXPENCE.  
WHOLE SHEETS! By Post, 6½d.



PRINCESS MARY OF CAMBRIDGE (DUCHESS OF TECK) AS A CHILD.  
FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, R.A., IN THE VICTORIAN EXHIBITION.  
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## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It has been remarked on certain recent judicial deliverances that the custom of arguing with a jury from the bench has nothing but novelty to recommend it. I am no judge myself, and offer no opinion, but I can remember when it was not unusual for a certain judge, when charging a jury, to indulge in irony, which is a much more dangerous proceeding. On one occasion he found the occupants of the box so intensely stupid that he could not resist "speaking sarcastic," while the case was so plain that it seemed no harm could possibly come of it. Previous convictions had been proved against the prisoner, policeman after policeman had sworn to his identity, and, like Kents's "murdered man," he was already doomed. The judge summed up at great length. After all, he said, certificates were not absolutely conclusive; policemen were as likely to perjure themselves as other people; "and, gentlemen, never forget that you are a British jury, and, if you have any reasonable doubt in your minds, Heaven forbid that the prisoner should not have the benefit of it!" And he *had*, for the jury acquitted him. The judge was a very clever man, but ignorant of the fact that not one man in twelve can distinguish between sarcasm and seriousness. Sarcasm can be safely indulged in when it comes to the judicial sentence. A charming example of it occurred the other day in connection with a murder case, in which a medical expert had given it as his opinion that the crime might possibly have been due to a temporary access of insanity. The judge sent the prisoner to three years' penal servitude, "during which the state of his mind could be amply inquired into."

I do not pretend to know the rights of the "still vexed" question between Mr. Besant and the religious societies, but it does not seem to be a new question. Irving—not Henry, but Edward—used bitterly to complain of the way in which he was "sweated" by pious publishers. In spite of the large sales of his sermons, he could never get anything but praise out of them, and, spiritual as his nature was, he occasionally had a fancy for pudding. "There is neither grace nor honour in these people," he writes, and requests his wife to negotiate for his next venture "with Blackwood or some of those worldlings." I am afraid they would not do much for him now. Immortality has been promised to all sorts of books, but no critic has ever ventured to award it to those which have immortality for their subject—sermons.

It seems difficult to connect the subject of a hospital with either beauty or amusement, but this feat has been performed in the pleasant volume called, very appropriately, "Hors de Combat." It is the description of the experience of a gentleman, for three weeks an involuntary guest at one of these noble institutions with a compound fracture of the arm and a scalp wound. It is quite another view of the subject from that taken by Mr. Henley in his fine poem, but probably a not less truthful one. The intelligence and kindness of the nurses made a deep impression on the patient, as well they may, if the charming portraits of these ladies are to be taken as likenesses. There is shade as well as light in the narrative, but no one can read the book without a sense of gratitude to the "staff" and a desire to put something handsome into the plate next Hospital Sunday. How rich patients can find it in their consciences to derive advantage from a hospital without contributing to its funds when they leave it is "one of those things that no fellow [who is not a skunk] can understand."

People do not go to funerals so much as they used to do out of mere compliment; they have begun to take common-sense views upon this matter on their own account, and also upon that of "surviving relatives." When the departed is very near and dear to us, it is no satisfaction to find the little crowd of real mourners swelled by mere acquaintances; and the risks in winter weather to persons of delicate constitution are very serious. There are some, no doubt, who really like taking part in these sad ceremonies; in Scotland and Ireland they have been always popular, and not unaccompanied by good cheer. Alexander Russell used to tell a story of the character of a young man being inquired into, of whom it was observed, with a grave shake of the head, that "he went about too much to funerals." When the deceased leaves his family in poor circumstances, one has heard also of well-to-do relatives paying their "last sad offices" to free them from the responsibility of paying anything else. But, as a rule, a ride in a mourning-coach is not now much sought after. It is difficult, even if the emotions are not much concerned, to feel otherwise than depressed and gloomy under such circumstances. Nevertheless, a gentleman lately made a proposal of marriage in a mourning-coach, which a court of law has held to be binding. It was ridiculous, indeed, to pretend that the offer was caused "by the exhilaration of the moment"; nor very much excuse that it was made "in coming back from, and not in going to," the ceremony. The gentleman was an innkeeper, and averred that the expression "My dear love" meant nothing in particular, but was "the usual way in his business"; and as the lady was also an innkeeper, this is, perhaps, the explanation of the popularity of hotel-keeping as a profession. It was said of Swift that he could write love poems to a mopstick, but a man who can propose marriage in a mourning-coach seems to "go one more" than the amorous Dean.

How "a scholar and a gentleman" should be buried was illustrated by the obsequies of Mr. John Underwood, of Whittelee, in 1733. He not only disliked mourning-coaches, but the people who usually fill them—relatives. He wished nobody to accompany him to his last home but persons of classical taste, and he chose six of them for this purpose. In following him to the grave, "they sang the last stanza of the twentieth ode of the second book of Horace." Under his head was placed Sanadon's Horace, at his feet Southey's Milton, in

his right hand a small Greek Testament with an inscription in gold letters, in his left hand Bentley's Horace with "*Musis Amicus, I.U.*" on it, and somebody else's Horace under his back. This last does not appear a very comfortable arrangement; but otherwise the whole affair is well worthy of the attention of persons of culture. Each of the learned gentlemen got ten guineas and a cold collation, and it would probably be quite possible to secure the services of half-a-dozen classical mourners in the present day at even a lower price.

King Otto of Bavaria, we are told, imagines that he is a stork: he "has built himself a nest with materials carried in his own mouth, and sits in it with feathers in his head and beard." This is the worst thing a king can think himself, but it is not unusual. If it is really true that the German Emperor quoted *Suprema lex Regis voluntas* of himself, and told his subjects that they might have to shoot their parents on account of their oath of allegiance to him, he must be suffering from the same complaint. He must be another King Stork. To my mind, however, the statement is incredible. For, if any other man were so foolish or so wicked as to make it, the execrable egotism and bad taste of it in the mouth of a king would surely prevent him from doing so. It was probably made for him, either by a democrat or that still worse enemy of kings, a courtier.

An excellent Chinese missionary—not not, as one gathers, himself in the disturbed provinces—has issued a circular letter urging his people not to leave their posts. "To show alarm and go away" is, he thinks, the "worst possible plan, and "naturally invites looting." This intrepidity of spirit is most commendable, but has its parallel in the firmness of the absentee Irish landlord. "Stop where you are," he wrote to his agent, "and if my tenants think they will alarm me by threatening to shoot you, they little know the man they have to deal with."

"The wisdom of many and the wit of one" have given us some admirable apothegms, but they have this drawback, that they invariably contradict one another. "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves" is, for example, a capital piece of advice; but then "Penny wise and pound foolish" is quite as good a one. It is no use adopting one proverb as the rule of life unless it be that of "Circumstances alter cases," which puts one all abroad again. The best of all, perhaps, so far as comfort is concerned, are those which recommend philosophic calm, "More haste less speed," and to take things coolly, "A light heart and a thin pair of breeches." "Don't fash yourself," says the Highlander (who has no breeches at all): but slowness (as in a military retreat, for instance) is not always attended with safety. A gentleman evidently intended by nature for a life of luxurious ease, but induced by circumstances, alleged to be beyond his control, to adopt as his profession burglary, has fallen a victim to dilatoriness in a most curious fashion. He had effected his object of breaking into a house, and collecting valuable property for removal, when another thief, Procrastination, suggested enjoyment. Finding eggs and bacon convenient to a gas stove, he cooked them, and laying hands on a bottle of sherry, sat down to a hearty meal. A pipe and a little desultory reading were only natural consequences. One cannot withhold one's admiration for such coolness and intrepidity. A fidgety, nervous person, like myself, would have gone off with his swag at once, and eaten and read and smoked at home. I have no doubt in the long run he will be much the happier man, but in the present instance the delay proved his ruin. The police came in and "put his pipe out." Another burglar was caught the same night through a too precipitate departure (down the waste pipe into the very arms of a bobby). It is so difficult to select the golden mean in proverbs.

"How we cling to one another," says Thackeray, of two sisters, "until we quarrelled about that £20 legacy!" It is no wonder, therefore, that two brothers should dispute together as to whether their father meant to leave one of them £70,000 or only £20,000. The old gentleman, whose handwriting was execrable to begin with, had smudged the first three letters, and the point was whether he had meant to change the twenty into seventy or not. It was argued that, being of an impulsive disposition, he had suddenly said to himself: "Why should I leave Dick only twenty thousand? Hang it! I'll leave him seventy!" But Tom's counsel thought this absurd. There had been no parallel to the case since the well-known one of "Box versus Cox" ("Do you think it a B? It looks to me like a C."), and microscopes and experts had to be called in. This is a lesson to us all, and, in the event of my ever having anything to leave, I shall get somebody who can write to draw up my will for me.

It will be a great discovery to some husbands, who are too well principled to be faithless and too gentle to be cruel, to find out what a wife "can't stand," and thus regain their liberty. An application to a police magistrate has disclosed this. "I am come here," said the lady, "because married life has become unendurable to me. I feel positive that my husband has some secret that he is keeping from me." "Well, go on." His worship, being a male, expected that there would be something more; but there was nothing. "If you don't give me a judicial separation, I shall leave him without one." His worship shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. He could not help the lady, and we may presume that she has helped herself. What a vista this opens to husbands! Some of them—perhaps—have no secrets; many of them—we know—cannot keep them if they have. But all of us can pretend to have secrets—dead ones—which it is not possible for us to betray. What fun, too, or, to speak less lightly, what dramatic interest one would get out of this affectation of concealment! What suspicious one might arouse, what jealousies! A little suffering to ourselves, perhaps, but supported by the consciousness of innocence, and in the end—when she "can't stand" it any longer—emancipation!

## HOME NEWS.

The Queen, it is stated, has taken two hotels near Hyères, in the South of France, whither she will go next March. They are in one of the new Riviera resorts, and in the midst of charming drives.

It is generally believed that the Queen will open Parliament in person—probably on Feb. 8.

Dec. 14 being the anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort and Princess Alice, the Queen and the members of the royal family attended a special service at the royal mausoleum, which was afterwards visited by members of her Majesty's household and many of the residents in Windsor and the neighbourhood.

The marriage of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale and Princess Victoria Mary of Teck is expected to take place on Feb. 27, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor. After the wedding the royal pair will probably drive in State through the streets of the Metropolis.

Further bulletins concerning Prince George of Wales state that he is making steady progress towards recovery, and although his illness has prevented the Princess of Wales from accompanying her husband to Welbeck Abbey, it is anticipated that the whole family will meet at Sandringham for Christmas.

Great preparations are being made at Sandringham House for the reception of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their family for the Christmas festivities. A new concrete second-floor with iron girders has been constructed in that portion of the house recently destroyed by the fire, and the work of restoration has been carried on so rapidly that portions will be ready for use by Christmas.

A theatrical divorce case, which has occupied the attention of Mr. Justice Jenne for a week and filled the daily papers with nauseous details, has raised once more the question whether some limit ought not to be put upon the publication of proceedings in the Divorce Court.

Great damage is reported from our coasts, and from various districts throughout the country, resulting from the violent storm and rain on the night of Dec. 10. Houses and buildings have been partially blown down, and several rivers have overflowed their banks, so that considerable tracts of land are under water, and numbers of cattle and sheep have been drowned. A Glasgow vessel, the *Enterkin*, was wrecked on the Galloper Sands, near Ramsgate, and Charles Lewis, an apprentice—supposed at the time to be the sole survivor—was gallantly rescued by some Ramsgate fishermen. Since then the safety of two more members of the *Enterkin's* crew has been assured.

Sir Edward Clarke has written a strong letter in favour of the repeal of the clause in the Eastbourne Improvement Act which prohibits the use of musical instruments in street processions on Sundays. The disposition of the Eastbourne authorities to prevent any religious services in the open air on Sundays has drawn a protest from the Wesleyan community.

The Liberal Unionists of Scotland have held a conference at Edinburgh, the principal incident being a speech from Mr. Chamberlain, who laid great stress on his scheme for old-age pensions.

A conference of agricultural delegates in London, under the auspices of the National Liberal Federation, is the chief political event of the Parliamentary recess. The delegates met at the Memorial Hall, and unfolded their grievances with much candour. The prevailing sentiment appeared to be that nothing practical could be done to better the material condition of the agricultural labourer until he had legislative facilities for getting not only allotments but fixity of tenure. The Rural Conference was addressed by Mr. Gladstone at the Holborn Restaurant, where the delegates were entertained at breakfast. Mr. Gladstone reviewed the condition of labour during the past century, affirmed that free access to the land was the best means of checking the migration from the country to the towns, and urged the expediency of establishing parish councils with compulsory powers for the acquisition of land, and with full control over local charities and schools.

The remarkable letters of "Vetus" in the *Times* on the administration of the War Office have drawn an elaborate vindication of that department from Mr. Stanhope, but the controversy is likely to be transferred to the floor of the House of Commons.

Serious riots have taken place at Waterford, in one of which Mr. Michael Davitt was struck on the head with a stick and somewhat seriously injured. A further riot, on Dec. 15, resulted in another, but slighter, injury to Mr. Davitt, this time from a stone. The town, which outside Dublin is the stronghold of Parnellism, is in a state of great and even dangerous excitement over the approaching election, which promises to be the fiercest and most turbulent struggle of the campaign between Parnellism and anti-Parnellism. Mr. John Redmond is the candidate of the former party, and Mr. Davitt, whose decision has been influenced by the blow, of the latter.

A curious action for slander has been brought before the Court of Queen's Bench. Mrs. Osborne, late Miss Elliot, was charged by a Mrs. Hargreaves with stealing some valuable pearls while she was a guest at the latter's house, and selling them to a jeweller for £550. The jeweller and his attendants appeared in some way to identify Mrs. Osborne as the lady who brought the jewels, but her defence is an alibi, and she strongly denies the charge. A curious air of mystery hangs round the case.

The Lord Mayor presided on Dec. 14 at the annual meeting of the Hospital Sunday Fund, congratulated his hearers on its success, and Sir Sydney Waterlow pointed out that the collections this year were more than £2500 over the amount in any previous year.

Mr. James Pinnock, a West African merchant, has recovered damages from Messrs. Chapman and Hall for an alleged libel in a volume of stories by Major Ellis. As it is the practice of novelists to draw character from actual life and illustrate it by imaginary incidents, Mr. Pinnock's action has caused considerable alarm among authors and publishers.

Mr. Gladstone, accompanied by Mrs. Gladstone and Mr. John Morley, has gone to Biarritz, where he will remain until the meeting of Parliament. At Biarritz Mr. Gladstone is the guest of Mr. Armistead.

Mr. Biron, at the Lambeth Police Court, has had before him a number of summonses against owners of dogs for allowing them to be at large without being muzzled or wearing collars with the owners' names and addresses. A fine was imposed in each case.

On the opening day of the Leicester December Meeting, the Quorn Hunt Steeplechase was won by Father O'Flynn, the Selling Hunters' Steeplechase by Meerschbaum, the Broxhills Steeplechase by Nienport-Bains, the Belgrave Open Hurdle Race by Lady Clifford, the Montrose Hunters' Hurdle Race by Sheridan, and the Birstall Hunters' Flat Race by Four-poster.

## MUTED FESTIVITY.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

The spring of the year 1890 was a season of delight to all who could walk in the fields, or even look up through the joyous air to the lucent skies that soared above the streets. But to none was it so delightful as to the elderly and middle-aged persons who now form so large a part of the population. For that succession of lovely days in May and June, so warm, so fresh, so bright—the meadows teeming, the hedgerows garlanded, the gardens all a nosegay—proved them right when they used to talk of the more heavenly May-days of their youth. Some of us had begun to believe it true when we were told that the brightness was all in ourselves; though if that were so it only meant that not one charm but another had died out of the world, for the new young people who gave us this information never pretended to be aware in themselves of a magic that gave to earth a glory not its own. Or perhaps they said that what we called memory was a late invention of fancy; but we knew it was not that, though it might have been illusion at the time. All doubt, however, was drowned in the splendour of the spring of 1890. These were the days of old—the very same, as every sense declared; and faith in our memories of the past was firmly re-established.

Let no one say, then, that Christmas is what it used to be. For some years before the spring of 1890 we said that it was different; we now say that it is *very* different. The aspect of the Christmas season is rarely what it was when the grandfathers of to-day were boys; and the boys that succeeded those boys were and are different altogether. There it is that the change is most obvious and settled. That is why Christmas-tide is not and will never again be what it was in days not very long past.

"But what is the proof of any such change?" some coolly impatient modern asks, "or what the likelihood even?" The question might be answered in as many several branches as the Golden Candlesticks had—each branch ending in illumination. But is it not enough to ask in reply: By what wonder is it that, after a thousand years of love for fairy tales, there suddenly comes a time when children are untouched by them or contemptuous of them? The influences of fashion or of a prevailing taste do not extend to nursery toddlers five years old. There must be a radical change in them; a change in the innermost creature that marks a difference from all the many generations of toddlers from whom they are descended. A something has gone out in the minds of the young ladies and gentlemen who cannot read books of fairy tales, and that something, I take it, is not unlike "the light that never was on sea or land." Since a misfortune like this could happen, there is not much hazard in saying that the broadening of the light of common day has extinguished whatever superstition or sentiment it was that took Christmas time out of the work-a-days of the year, swept it of petty cares and meannesses, and made of it a cheery festival. Some tell us (but these are the fathers of the children who cannot read fairy tales) that the cheeriness is all a figment; it never existed out of the be-Dickens'd "Christmas numbers" and the illustrated journals of a certain period. But since the gaiety of nations is as important and informing a subject of study as the philosopher can apply himself to, we cannot allow that assertion to pass. There is evidence of a glorious antiquity for the festivities celebrated in "Pickwick"; and any Barnes Newcome who says he doubts the reality of festal enthusiasm made up by recipe for an appointed day of exhibition should be informed that his own doggish way of putting it deceives him. Some years ago a day was named and preparation made for the reception on English ground of a foreign princess quite unknown in England. She came, and the welcome she met was enthusiastic almost to madness; and it was sincere enough to have lasted to this day. Mr. Barnes Newcome can explain that by none of his common-sense tests and appliances; neither do they touch the sincerity of the emotions that made Christmas Day a day of days in England for centuries. The short truth seems to be that in a less mechanical time the English people could "make merry" whenever they set their minds to it; for there was not only an unexhausted store of animal spirits in them, but an indwelling something drawn from religion, superstition, what you will, that also called to joyous fellowship and that could be readily obeyed. But now, in the most mechanical age that ever was, "making merry" seems inconceivable; for the wherewithal is disappearing. The store of animal spirits is fast ebbing out. No one can doubt it who compares the England of the beginning of the century with the England of the end of it; and the emotions of religion or superstition are fainter, even among the thoughtfully religious. It is for very similar reasons, probably, that children are born nowadays to whom fairy tales are blank and foolish. Intellectual little dears, they yet want animal spirits. It has become a matter of public remark that romping has quite "gone out" in the nursery; and certain it seems to be that a wild light has died in childhood's mind which no modern illuminant will ever compensate for.

And the merry, dancing, singing, feasting, romping Christmas times are never likely to return. "Heaven forbid!" cries Madam Decorum. But I fear me an enfeeblement of backbone, a pallor in the blood, an eventide greyness and coldness of sentiment, have most to do with it. To be unable to make merry means much the same thing as a lack of fuel for the hearth; and, good or bad as it may be, I do repine at the loss of gaiety which is seen in the very look of London on Christmas evenings now. Where every fourth house glowed like a lamp, where music and merriment hummed through the casements or burst in a flood from opened doors, nearly all is silence and gloom. To walk in any "respectable" street at midnight is like walking in a place of tombs. But if there is more of dulness behind these long lines of wall, there is also more of comfort and sobriety, blessings "that I do perceive to have a solid vally."

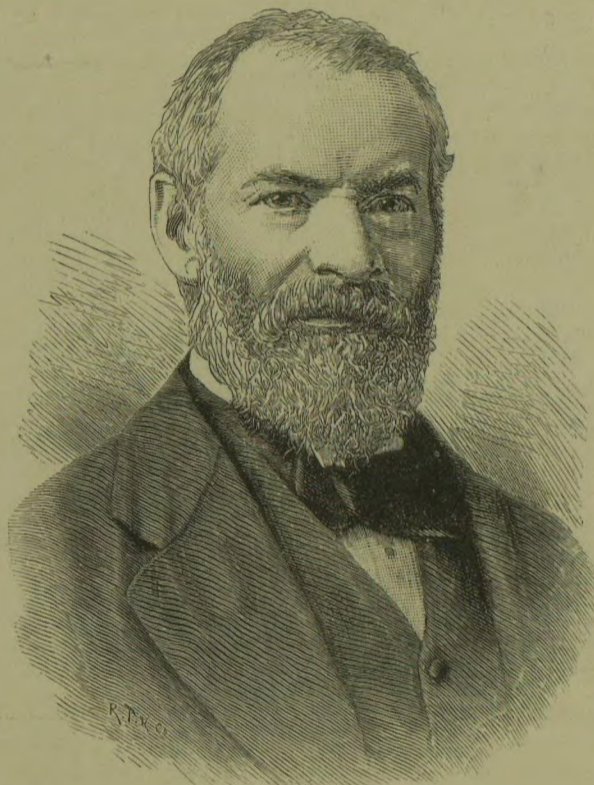
## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE DUCHESS OF TECK.

In presenting our readers this week with two portraits of the Duchess of Teck, the one in her early girlhood, the other from a recent photograph, it may be well to recall that the Princess is the third child of the late Duke of Cambridge—father of the Commander-in-Chief—and first cousin to the Queen. She was born on Nov. 27, 1833. Until her marriage to the Duke of Teck in 1866, she lived constantly with her mother, the widowed Duchess of Cambridge, at her birthplace, Cambridge Cottage, Kew Gardens. She was married to the Duke of Teck in Kew Church, on June 12, 1866, the Queen being present. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The popularity of the bride gave a peculiar interest to the wedding. As the bride and bridegroom left the church, the school-children strewed the path with flowers, and when the couple left Cambridge Lodge, they were literally pelted by their royal relatives with white satin slippers. Their only daughter, Princess Victoria Mary, who is about to marry the Duke of Clarence, was born on May 26, 1867, and her three brothers, Adolphus, Francis, and Alexander, were born in 1863, 1870, and 1874, respectively.

## THE EDITOR OF THE "GRAPHIC."

The retirement of Mr. Arthur Locker from the editorial chair of the *Graphic* is a very considerable loss to the *personnel* of journalism. Mr. Locker, who is a brother of Mr. Locker-Lampson, the poet, is sixty-three years of age, having been born in Greenwich Hospital in 1828. He was educated at Gosport, at the Charterhouse, and at Pembroke College, Oxford, taking his degree in 1851. His after experiences included the offices of a Liverpool merchant and of a Mincing Lane broker,



MR. ARTHUR LOCKER.

a year or two at the Australian gold-diggings, and a further term on the Bengal sugar-plantations, before he found his way on to the staff of the *Times*, and thence, in 1870—in succession to Mr. Sutherland Edwards—to the editorship of the *Graphic*. Mr. Locker, whose health has long been uncertain, has been ordered by his doctor to winter abroad; but that he retires from an honourable post with the goodwill of all who have had personal contact with him was shown the other day by Mr. W. L. Thomas, the managing director of the *Graphic* Company, in a happy farewell speech. "This is not a banquet, nor even a farewell dinner," said Mr. Thomas, "but a little friendly impromptu gathering to see our old friend off, as it were, on a holiday trip—to wish him *bon voyage*, and a speedy return with renewed strength and energy, so that he may take his ease and enjoy many years of leisure and comfort. We know enough of Arthur Locker to be sure that any kind of flattery would be peculiarly distasteful to him; but he will forgive me, I hope, if I repeat here that which I said privately to him the other day—that on looking back over this long period of twenty-two years, I cannot recall a single mistake, a single want of good taste or lack of sound judgment on the part of our editor. We have only to consider how many there are who revel in hot water to appreciate the value of such a record. Besides that steady display of common-sense, we all have noticed and admired in our friend his ready sympathy and positive liking for all that is lowly and humble, his constant desire to cheer and encourage, and his readiness to go out of his way to give those in need of it a helping hand."

We are glad to have the opportunity of adding to this admirable tribute our testimony to the esteem which Mr. Locker's twenty years' editorship of our popular contemporary has inspired in all who identify the best interests of journalism with high personal character and genial courtesy.

## THE DISTURBANCES IN CHINA.

Little has yet been added to the news of last week concerning the defeat, by the Chinese General Tsao, of the body of rebels, five thousand in number, to the north-east of the Great Wall,

in Manchuria, whose leader, said to be a Mongol Lama or priest, has been captured. The Imperial troops have occupied Chaoyang, and reinforcements were sent up early in December. There is some confirmation of the rumour that about five hundred native religious converts were massacred by the insurgents, while the European missionaries escaped. In the city of Peking it is to be hoped the popular agitation will have subsided, and the European residents will not be exposed to further annoyance. Our Illustrations of scenes in the streets of that great city, and some of the lower classes of its people going about their petty trades and industries, will not seem inappropriate to the occasion. Peking, the Imperial capital, which was visited and described by Mr. W. Simpson, our Special Artist, at the wedding ceremony of the young Emperor in 1872, is a town of vast extent, enclosed by walls in a quadrangular form, about eight miles long and six miles wide, divided into the Chinese city, the Manchu Tartar city, and the precinct of the Imperial Palace and Temples. The whole population, however, is nearer half a million than a million, and the ordinary houses are of mean and squalid aspect.

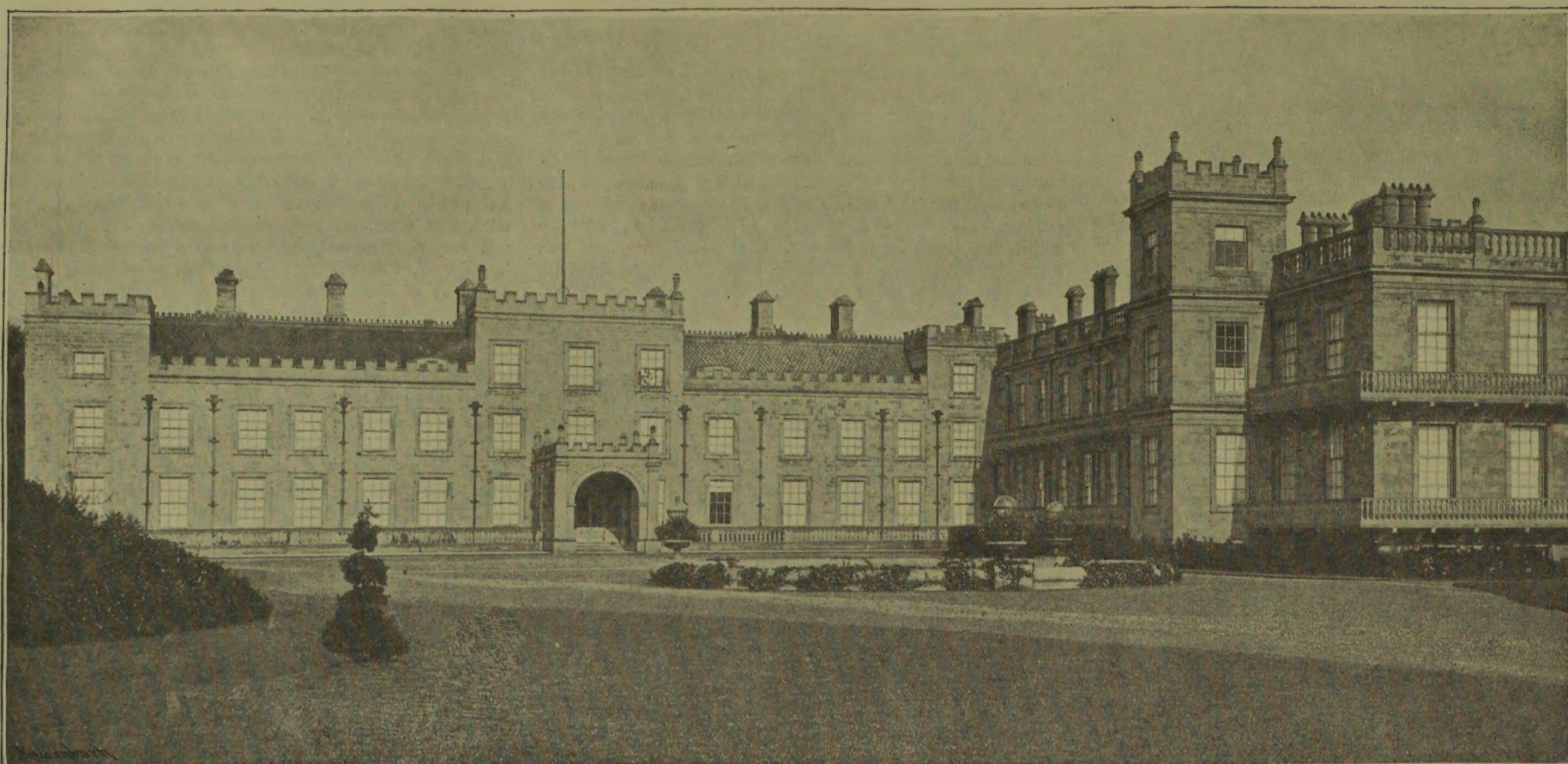
## WELBECK ABBEY.

The famous mansion of the Duke of Portland, visited by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, is one of the "Dukeries" of Nottinghamshire, among the noble oaks and beeches in the remaining portion of Sherwood Forest. It is one of the great places which "Bess of Hardwicke," daughter of a Derbyshire country squire in the sixteenth century, four times married, ancestress of the Dukes of Devonshire, the Dukes of Portland, and the Earls of Shrewsbury, conveyed to her aristocratic descendants. The old Abbey, confiscated by Henry VIII., had been granted to a courtier, from whose assignees the estate was purchased by this lady, who gave it to one of her younger sons, Sir Charles Cavendish, father of the first Duke of Newcastle; and a far-off heiress of his lineage, in 1734, became wife of William Bentinck, second Duke of Portland. The building is mainly of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, but with some more ancient parts, and with remarkable additions and alterations made by the late Duke, who died twelve years ago. It is an immense pile, externally designed in the Palladian style of architecture, with a balustrade on the summit and two pinnacled turrets. The interior shows different styles, with a Gothic dining-hall, in the "Oxford" wing, most beautifully decorated in carved oak; also, the large drawing-room and other apartments, in the Louis XVI. style; the Swan Drawing-room, with a huge figure of that bird on the carpet; the Blue Drawing-room, hung with blue satin damask; the picture-gallery, 159 ft. long and 64 ft. wide, containing a valuable collection; and the State bed-rooms, one of which, the Alcove Room, served for the Prince of Wales: all these rooms are superbly furnished. The library, 180 ft. long, 50 ft. high, and 40 ft. wide, at one end of which is a chapel, was the old riding-school; it is a splendid hall, lighted by thirty skylights and windows, and with numerous chandeliers of cut glass. The semi-underground parts of Welbeck Abbey, with passages extending far below the gardens and into the park, are its most astonishing feature, including the grand picture-gallery and the ball-room, which are magnificent; and by a subterranean passage, well lighted, which is a thousand yards long, the new riding-school is reached. This is a hall, 335 ft. by 104 ft., and 51 ft. high, with a glass and iron roof upheld by fifty pillars, decorated with various ornamental devices in stone and metal, and the spacious floor covered with soft tan. It is brilliantly illuminated with gas at night, and has adjacent to it a covered galloping road 1270 ft. long. The late Duke, whether disliking the changes of English weather, or preferring strict seclusion in his amusements and exercises, constructed these wonderful nether halls and passages at enormous cost. The gardens, conservatories, terraces, shrubberies, lawns, and pleasure-grounds, and the park, ten miles in circuit, with its lake and fine old woods, are notable also. Our Illustrations are from photographs supplied by Mr. A. W. Cox and Mr. Garton Freestone, of Nottingham. The decorations for the royal visit were furnished by Messrs. Foster and Cooper, of that town.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Major-General Ellis, arrived at Welbeck on Dec. 15. On alighting he was received by the Duke of Portland, Sir Frederick Milner, and other gentlemen. Escorted by outriders and mounted police of the Notts Constabulary, the party proceeded by way of Carlton Road, Bridge Street, Park Street, and Victoria Square, the streets being lined with people, who cheered heartily; but the scheme of adornment to which the public demonstration had given itself over was, unhappily, marred by the weather. Rain fell pitilessly from early morning, and the bunting had—most of it—a limp and bedraggled appearance. At night Worksop was brilliantly illuminated, and there were several festivities in honour of the royal visit.

## "MORNING DEW" IN A MYSORE GARDEN.

The daily operation of watering the plants in the garden of an Indian rajah is performed in a simpler manner than by the elaborate hydraulic machines to be found in some English gardens. Native women, carrying huge pitchers on their heads, fetch the muddy liquid from the tanks, or from a canal where the lotus grows in luxuriance, and pour it on the ground; such an unscientific method of horticulture is practised in the sultry climate. "Morning Dew" is a pretty name for this process, but is more like sluicing a paved floor preparatory to the use of the mop. Mysore, in Southern India, the capital of a native State, once of great importance, now under the British Protectorate, was visited by our Artist. Its former magnificence is much decayed, but it presents an interesting aggregate of regular streets, avenues, gardens, and temples, with a large fort enclosing the palaces of the Maharajah and his nobles. Of the gardens, as little is seen in our Illustration, little need here be said; but the reader will notice one of their ornaments, the curious image of a Hindoo divinity guarding this suburban paradise of the Mysore prince.



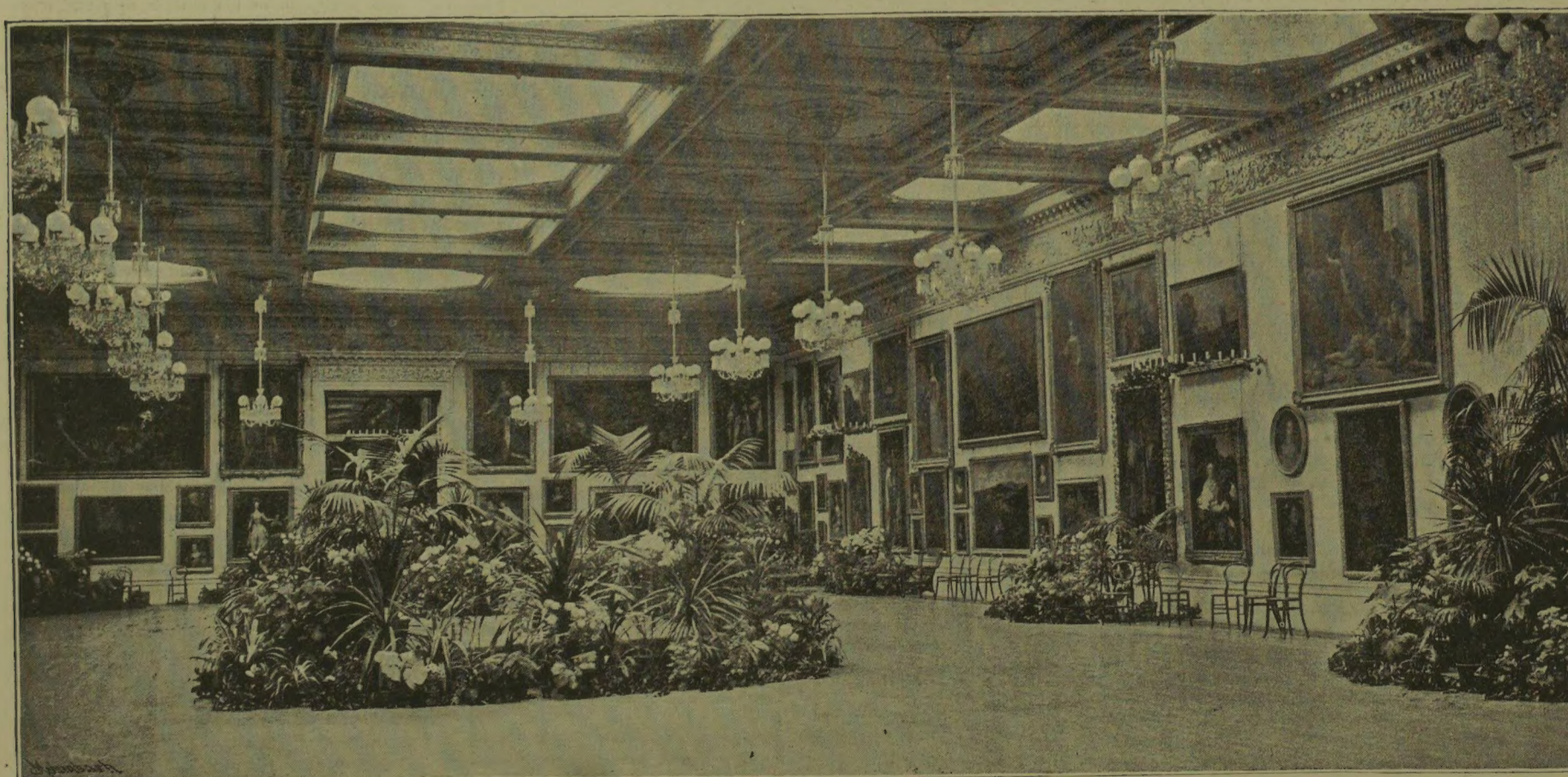
WEST FRONT OF WELBECK ABBEY: THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.



ENTRANCE TO THE TUNNEL LEADING TO UNDERGROUND PALACE.



THE OLD RIDING SCHOOL, LIBRARY, AND CHAPEL.



THE PICTURE GALLERY OF THE UNDERGROUND PALACE.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO WELBECK ABBEY.



*Photograph by Russell, Baker Street.*

PRINCESS MARY OF TECK AND HER DAUGHTER ON THE VERANDAH AT WHITE LODGE, RICHMOND PARK.

## PERSONAL.

The appointment of Lord Dufferin to the Paris Embassy coincides with the public expectation, and is a nomination of ideal fitness. Lord Dufferin has now filled practically all the high diplomatic posts attached to the British Empire, with the exception of the Berlin Embassy, having been, in turn, Ambassador at Lisbon, Madrid, Copenhagen, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and Rome, in addition to having held the great offices of Governor-General of Canada and Viceroy of India. There only remains for him the viceregal throne at Dublin. He is an ideal Ambassador—an accomplished linguist, a man of the greatest skill in affairs, a traveller, a scholar, a diplomatist of singular tact and skill. He will have in Lady Dufferin—whose work in the cause of the native Indian women was one of the features of her husband's viceroyalty—a lady who will carry on the traditions of social charm and refinement associated with Lady Lytton. The appointment is generally welcomed in Paris, where Lord Dufferin's name is well known. The salary attached to the post is the highest in the service—£9000 a year.

With Mary Elizabeth, Dowager Lady Lilford, who died on Dec. 7, has passed away the last lineal descendant of Henry Fox, first Lord Holland (the father of Pitt's illustrious political opponent, Charles James Fox), who was married to a daughter of the second Duke of Richmond in 1744, and created Baron Holland in 1763 for his services to his party. Her ladyship's brother, the fourth Lord Holland, whose historic family residence, Holland House, Kensington, passed on the death of his widow, a short time since, to the Earl of Ilchester, the head of another and older branch of the family, was for some time our Minister-Plenipotentiary to the Court of Tuscany, and died at Naples in 1859, leaving no issue, when the title became extinct. The Dowager Lady Lilford, who was married in 1830 and became a widow in 1861, leaves a large circle of children and grandchildren to mourn her loss.

We are pleased to announce that Mr. Heath Joyce, who has been editor of the *Daily Graphic* since its foundation, has succeeded Mr. Arthur Locker as the editor of the weekly *Graphic*. Mr. Joyce retains the position of consulting editor to the daily issue, while Mr. Hammond Hall, formerly chief sub-editor, has been advanced to the position of joint-editor for the night work. Mr. Joyce is an experienced and able journalist, who has given singular variety and freshness to the paper for which he has been responsible, and which has steadily advanced under his management.

The Bishop of Nelson (New Zealand) has resigned his See under circumstances which will secure for him the entire sympathy of English Churchmen. Dr. Suter was in England for the Pan-Anglican Conference at Lambeth in 1888, and then looked the very picture of good health, but since a seizure, a year ago, his condition has given grave anxiety to his friends, and a second attack has made resignation imperative. Dr. Suter was in his day one of the most popular of London clergy. From 1855 to 1858 he was curate of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, and he is still remembered with affection by older inhabitants of the parish. But as Vicar of the dismal brick edifice reared under the shadow of a great brewery—All Saints', Mile End New Town—he made himself still better known. Mr. Suter was an ideal East London incumbent, and that in the days when East London poverty excited less or no interest in the West. Dr. Suter was consecrated for the See of Nelson in 1866, and has worked with unflinching zeal from first to last.

By the death of Mr. W. G. Wills, in Guy's Hospital, after a long illness, contemporary English drama loses an accomplished and fertile playwright. Mr. Wills was an Irishman, born at Kilkenny in 1828, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He was a man of diverse accomplishments, and it was a real ambition with him to shine as an artist as well as a writer of plays. He painted the portrait of Princess Louise and of other members of the royal family, and the *Pall Mall* tells an amusing story of his being "commanded" to the Queen's presence, and of his sending a message that, "owing to a previous engagement," he could not attend. He lived in retirement, and was of a kindly, if a sensitive, temperament. His most popular plays were "Charles I." and the adaptations of "Faust" and "The Vicar of Wakefield," all of which received delightful interpretations at Mr. Irving's hands, and "Claudian," a romantic drama, of which Mr. Ruskin had a very high opinion, and which was one of Mr. Wilson Barrett's most striking successes. Mr. Wills had a faculty for writing graceful and even poetic blank verse, but his views of history—notably his portraits of Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell—were a trifle conventional. His association with the Lyceum represents his best and most serious contributions to the contemporary drama.

Herr Heinrich Lutter, a pupil of Liszt, has recently been spending a few days in London with the view of arranging for his first public appearance in this country next spring. That he has exceptional gifts, and will take a high position among contemporary pianists, was the opinion unhesitatingly formed by the connoisseurs who had an opportunity of hearing him at the private recital which he gave during his stay at the house of Mrs. Goetz, 18, Hyde Park Terrace. Herr Lutter is not, like some of Liszt's pupils, a player who shines to advantage in the exposition of one particular school only. Whether it be a Beethoven sonata, a Schubert trio, a Chopin nocturne, or a Schumann fantasia, he is completely in sympathy with his task, and his powers are equally under control. His technique is practically beyond reproach, his touch is firm, sure, and elastic, and his style is as artistic as it is brilliant. Herr Lutter's return will therefore be awaited with interest.

The death of Mrs. Kingsley, widow of Canon Kingsley, the poet, novelist, and social reformer, closes a literary and family relationship of the greatest interest.



THE LATE MRS. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

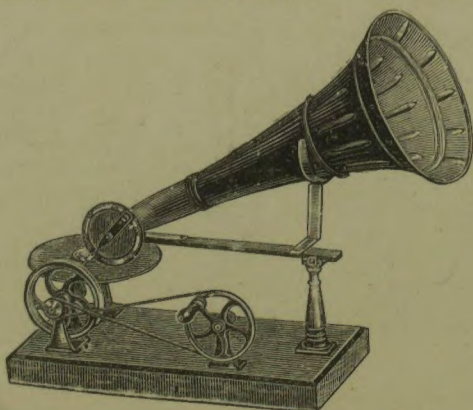
Mrs. Kingsley could have said of his wife as Carlyle said of his, that she "unweariedly forwarded" him in everything that he undertook. She looked after his poor at Eversley, supported the institutions—clubs, schools, lectures societies—which he founded, and acted as his amanuensis and copyist. The ideal association was fitly enumerated in Mrs. Kingsley's "Life" of her husband, in which the picture of an heroic personality was portrayed with the devotion of a wife and the ardour of a literary enthusiast. Mrs. Kingsley suffered severely during her husband's lifetime from the insanitary state of the house at Eversley, which lay very low and was constantly being flooded. When her husband died, in 1876, she was herself in the grip of a serious illness. She was born in 1814, and was the daughter of Mr. Pascoe Grenfell. The most famous of her four children is Mrs. Harrison, who, under the name of Lucas Malet, has published more than one novel of remarkable merit, and whose book, "The Wages of Sin," was one of the successes of the year. Mrs. Kingsley is buried by the side of her husband in Eversley churchyard.

Mr. Michael Davitt has, after some hesitation, consented to stand as the Nationalist candidate for Waterford, in opposition to the Parnellite nominee, Mr. John Redmond. Mr. Davitt was largely moved to his decision by a cowardly blow which he received in an encounter in the streets of Waterford. The candidature of the ex-Fenian for a seat in Parliament is a striking event in Irish politics. Mr. Davitt was born in Mayo, and when he was a very young child his father and mother were evicted from their cottage, and the family turned out on the roadside. They emigrated to England, and the boy worked in a Lancashire mill, where his right arm was torn off by machinery. When he was quite a boy he joined the Fenian movement, and was implicated in a charge the truth of which he has always denied. He was sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, and was released on a ticket-of-leave, which Sir William Harcourt cancelled in 1882. His health was seriously affected by his imprisonment, and he came out of prison two inches shorter than when he entered it, and reduced in weight from 13 st. to 9½ st. His sincerity of purpose has never been questioned, either by Irish or English politicians. He was the founder of the Land League, and the practical initiator of the agrarian policy which Mr. Parnell organised. His dark, striking face and slight, one-armed figure are familiar in advanced political circles.

The illness of the Duke of Devonshire still causes much anxiety. The Duke is in his eighty-fourth year, being born a year before Mr. Gladstone; but, like his distinguished contemporary, is a man of exceptional vigour of mind and body. He is a scholar of some little note, and his attainments have been properly marked by his Chancellorship of the University of Cambridge and the degree of D.C.L. at Oxford. His career has been a singularly prolonged and varied one. Long before he succeeded to the dukedom, which he inherited from his cousin, he sat for Malton in the unreformed Parliament of 1831. He has throughout his life identified himself with the Whig interest, to which his family traditions belong, and until the Home Rule question arose he, like his son, followed Mr. Gladstone's lead, with some reservations. He has, however, been always an infrequent and rather awkward speaker, and his utterances in Parliament have been delivered at very long intervals.

Holker Hall, near Cark-in-Cartmel, the Lancashire seat of the Duke of Devonshire, where that venerable peer lies in so precarious a state, is delightfully situated, being surrounded by undulating and well-wooded park land, and commanding an extensive view of those fine sands which stretch from Morecambe to Barrow in a series of picturesque bays. The Hall, which is a substantial and comfortable-looking building of red sandstone, was partially destroyed by fire in 1871, and completely restored by the Duke three years later. His grace's rooms are in the new wing of the building. It may not, perhaps, be generally remembered that Holker Hall was the seat of the Duke when second Earl of Burlington, before he succeeded to the dukedom of Devonshire on the death of his cousin, the sixth Duke, in 1858.

Messrs. Parkins and Gotto, of 60, Oxford Street, have provided a surprisingly clever and amusing toy for the Christmas holidays—the Gramophone, or Speaking Machine. Imagine the surprise of the little ones, and even of their elders—not unfamiliar with the mysteries of the phonograph—when the Gramophone steadily recites "Old Mother Hubbard," and this without the least preparation or special skill on the part of the manipulator! We slip off one disc and replace it with another, turn the handle again, and one hears "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," "Sing a Song of Sixpence," "Who Killed Cock Robin?" or—for the Gramophone is thoroughly cosmo-



THE GRAMOPHONE, OR SPEAKING MACHINE.

politan—"Deutschland, Deutschland, über Alles!" A toy at once so clever, so mirth-giving, and at the same time so simple, we have not seen for many a day.

The Earl of Leven and Melville, who has just been elected by the peers of Scotland assembled at Holyrood Palace, as the new Scotch representative peer in the room of the late Earl of

Northesk, is a fine-looking man of six-and-fifty, whose upright figure and keen, well-cut features are well known in the City of London, where, as senior partner in the firm of Melville and Co. (American bankers and merchants of Lombard Street), and a director of the Bank of England, his lordship holds a position of no small weight and importance. The Earl, who only succeeded to the titles and honours of the ancient and powerful house of Melville (the Melvilles held high offices of State as early as the reigns of David I. and Malcolm IV.) in 1889, becoming eleventh Earl of Leven and tenth Earl of Melville on the death of his half-brother, Alexander, is reputed to be one of the wealthiest of Scotch noblemen. He was married only six years ago to a granddaughter of the first Viscount Portman. His lordship, who is a staunch Conservative, is a member of the Carlton Club.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

The portraits of Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mr. A. Locker are from photographs by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; the late Mrs. Charles Kingsley, by Mr. Graham, of The Parade, Leamington Spa; Mr. Heath Joyce, by Mr. Lavender, of Bromley, Kent; and the late Mr. W. G. Wills, by Mr. Van der Weyde, of Regent Street, W.

## MUSIC.

It is worthy of remark that the yearly operatic performances given by the pupils of the Royal College of Music are invariably productive of something good and out of the common. We allude more especially to the work itself, the choice of which seems to be always guided by the same fixed rules—that the opera must be a comic one, that it must be by a German composer, and that it must be as nearly as possible a novelty. No fault can be found with the first and third of these stipulations, but we suggest that for once in a way the French school should have a trial. Let Sir George Grove, before he decides what he will give next year, glance down the old répertoire of the Opéra-Comique. Among the works of Grétry, Méhul, Boieldieu, Adam, Anber, and Ambroise Thomas he will assuredly find a rich field for selection. He need not despair of discovering an opera with a story fit for his young people or music that the supporters of his institution will care to listen to. The probabilities are, indeed, that his professors will thank Sir George for imposing upon the students a task less trying than that which fell to them this year; for, if not precisely unvoiced, the music of "The Barber of Bagdad" is, at any rate, of a sufficiently exacting nature to become fatiguing to young voices when rehearsed daily for months at a stretch.

Except as to this single drawback, if such it can be called, we have naught but satisfaction to express at the choice of a work so remarkable in its history and its character as Peter Cornelius's comic opera "The Barber of Bagdad." The production of this long-neglected little masterpiece for the first time in England at the Savoy Theatre on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 9, was beyond doubt an artistic event of first-rate importance, and the fact was fully testified by the presence of many well-known musicians. The Prince of Wales attended in his capacity of President of the Royal College, and was accompanied by the two young Princesses. Regarding the audience, therefore, as a representative one, we feel justified in saying that London has now followed the recent example of the German and American capitals, and reversed the partial and narrow-minded verdict passed by the Weimar public on this same work in 1858. We recognise the talent, if not the genius, displayed on every page of the score, and, like others, we willingly forgive the meagreness of the action for the sake of dramatic and musical characterisation, which simply abounds in humour, ingenuity, and imagination of the highest order. It may be a stale compliment now to declare that the pupil anticipated the master, but on this point let us at least say that wherever Wagner's comic chef-d'œuvre, "Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg," is known and loved, there ought "The Barber of Bagdad" to obtain a ready hearing and a glad welcome. The whimsical spirit of the story told by the tailor in "The Arabian Nights" was admirably brought out in the performance at the Savoy; while the diverting parodies of the Italian style, which ever and anon reveal the sly purpose of the composer, created hearty amusement. To principals, chorus, and orchestra alike, the warmest praise is due, a special word being reserved for Mr. Charles Magrath, whose delineation of the barber was in all respects excellent. The opera was conducted by Professor Villiers Stanford.

Mr. F. H. Cowen was the conductor of the Crystal Palace concert on Saturday, Dec. 12, the last of the series before Christmas. Mr. Manns had taken his departure for Glasgow, where he annually conducts the Choral Union concerts. Opportunity was seized to include in the programme Mr. Cowen's "Scandinavian" symphony, which fine work had not been heard by a Sydenham audience for just nine years. It was magnificently played, and the composer had to turn and acknowledge loud applause at the close of each movement. Another agreeable feature of the afternoon was the success won by Mlle. Kleberg in Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in C, No. 1, which the young artist interpreted with welcome refinement and intelligence. Later on she played solo pieces by Schütt, Schumann, and Saint-Saëns, and added as an encore Mendelssohn's Scherzo in E minor. Mr. Braxton Smith was the vocalist. He sang Handel's "Rend' il sereno," but pleased better in two songs by Sterndale Bennett.

The "Liebeslieder-Walzer" and "Gipsy Songs" of Johannes Brahms are justly reckoned among his most treasured compositions. They are intensely individual in style, and their treatment is marked by the highest poetic fancy in addition to the rarest musicianly skill. A new series, constituting Brahms's Op. 112, was performed at the "Pops" for the first time on Monday, Dec. 14, and proved to be no less inferior to the preceding sets in the qualities just mentioned, their only fault being that they consist of no more than half-a-dozen numbers, the majority of which are extremely short. The first of the two vocal quartets, entitled "Sehnsucht," is a beautiful utterance of ardent yet subdued longing; and the second, "Nächtens," expresses agitated feeling in exquisite harmonies and strange rhythm. The four "Gipsy Songs," comprising the remainder of the set, are equally characteristic of Brahms. The words are adapted from the Hungarian of Hugo Conrat, and the opening song is very spirited and graceful, the other three being more delicate in texture. With the exception of the former, the whole of the new compositions were repeated in response to the acclamations of the audience; and, indeed, as sung by Mrs. Henschel, Madame Isabel Fasset, Mr. Shakespeare, and Mr. Henschel, the effect that they made was charming in the extreme. Mr. Henry Bird played the accompaniments with great taste. The pianist was Miss Adeline de Lara, but that talented young artist did not shine to best advantage in Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques." Her intentions were excellent, but she seemed to lack the confidence and physical strength for carrying them out. Madame Néruda led in Beethoven's "Harfen-Quartett," and had to concede the usual encore after her solo—Mozart's Adagio in E.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

There has been much talk recently about literature in connection with the drama, and it has been far too ungenerously and hastily assumed that they have been divorced for years. In all these heated arguments how few, how very few, have remembered the name of W. G. Wills, who passed away on Sunday, Dec. 13, in a lonely room of a London hospital! I have known poor Wills through the whole period of his dramatic career. I have seen every one of his plays and criticised them, from "Hinko" down to "A Royal Divorce," and I can safely say that the dead dramatist never wrote a line that was not literature, and that there was in this gifted, this pure-minded, this imaginative and amiable gentleman a spark of something uncommonly like genius. It will be said that Wills distorted history in order to create dramatic and imaginative plays. The Carlylites and Cromwellites have never forgiven his treatment of Noll in that exquisite poetic work "Charles I." It will be urged that, poet as he was, the verse of Wills was sometimes ragged and uneven, often metrically discordant; but these things scarcely affect the question. The broad and important fact is that Wills, though a dramatist, was a literary man, and that literature in its widest sense is the loser by his untimely death. Here was a man who indeed deserved to have his plays printed and published, for they were plays that might be read and admired, as poets are studied by the lovers of literature. Unfortunately, very few of them have been rescued from oblivion. I am the fortunate possessor of one of the few existing copies of "Charles I." and I treasure it greatly; but I should like to read "Hinko" and "The Man o' Airlie." I should like to recover lost passages of rare beauty in "Vanderdecken" and "Eugene Aram"—a poem if ever there was one written—and I should like to prove to the younger generation that even in adapted works like "Olivia" and "William and Susan" there was plenty of literature from the Wills mint that neither Goldsmith nor Jerrold would have disdained. Do you remember the scene in "William and Susan" where the old woman describes the wreck and the loss of her son? Here was an inspired moment, and the audience was instantly touched to the quick by the true poet. And there were scores of such passages in such forgotten plays as "Mary Queen of Scots" and "Buckingham," and the ill-fated "Juanna."—

Oh! my loved solace on my thorny road,  
Sweet clue in all my labyrinth of sorrow,  
What shall I leave to thee?  
Thou thee I do consign my memory.  
Oh! banish not my name from off thy lips  
Because it pains awhile in naming it.  
Harsh grief doth pass in time into far music;  
Red-eyed Regret, that waiteth on thy steps,  
Will daily grow a growth, dear companion,  
And hold sweet converse with thee of thy dead.  
I fear me I may sometimes fade from thee,  
Thou when the heart expelleth grey stolid grief  
I live no longer in thy memory.  
Oh! keep my place in it for ever green,  
All hung with the immortelles of thy love,  
That, sweet abiding in thine inner thought,  
I long for more than sculptured monument,  
Or proudest record 'mong the tombs of kings.  
Remember!

If this is not poetry, I know not what poetry is; and this is the poet who is passed by with a sneer by writers who insist that literature has been neglected on the stage for fifty years, and is to be revived again by Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and Henry Arthur Jones!

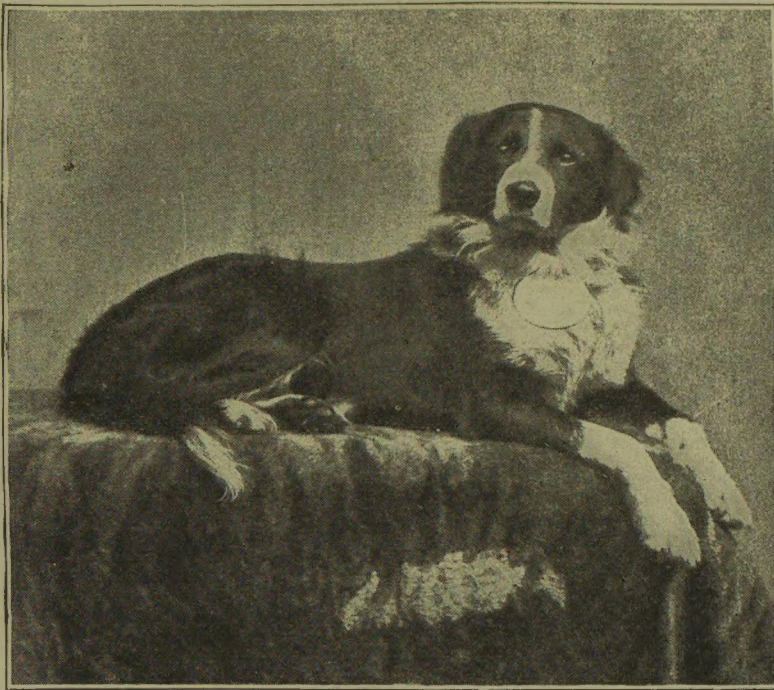
I don't suppose that this artist-poet had an enemy in the world. He had the sweetest of dispositions. He was the very soul of gentleness. Here was a man who did not work for money, but for art and the love of art. He was ever in the clouds, leading a dreamy, careless, thriftless existence. His purse was at the disposal of his friends, and in most worldly matters he arrived at the age of sixty years and more and still remained a child. He had the beautiful part of the Irish nature—tenderness, imagination, utter and complete unselfishness. He loved to share all that he had with his friends—his money and his brains. The best and truest friend of Wills ever made was a kindly and gifted solicitor, John Anderson Rose, a worshipper of the imaginative in art, and a rare connoisseur of books and pictures. The patron of Rossetti, Whistler, and Sandys was just the man to suit the temperament of Wills, who was a painter before he became a poet. I can recall delightful and never-to-be-forgotten Sundays at Rose's home down at Wandsworth, when we had a feast of art, books, pictures, and gentle converse between these gifted men and abiding friends. John Anderson Rose went first, and the poet grieved sorely for his loss. Now, happily, they are united in the land of beautiful shadows, and gaze enraptured on the fulfilment of the transcendent glories that their imagination foreshadowed.

These are the days of advance. Long before the holidays have started the children have got their Christmas pantomimes, or, rather, a collection of dramatised nursery legends. The scene is the Royalty Theatre, and the managers have certainly done their best to secure the success of an entertainment somewhat after the fashion of the children's pantomimes and fairy stories invented by Chatterton years ago at the Adelphi, and continued afterwards by Mr. Hengler at his circus in Argyll Street. All the same, I wish, for the sake of the children, that a little more trouble had been taken with the legends of our old friends Cock Robin and Old King Cole. The libretti are very primitive, and the new versions of old legends are curiously undramatic. The children are quite right to protest against the resuscitation of Cock Robin. Of course he died, and all the birds in the air mourned him. To make him a braggart, like the sparrow, is to disregard bird nature. As well tell us that the maiden who was hanging out the clothes in the garden did not really have her nose pecked off by the blackbirds, or that the gallant Robin Redbreast never nursed poor Jenny Wren when she was sick. The children should not allow such distortions of history. To tell Cromwell that he was a "mouthing patriot with an itching palm" was not nearly so bad as to revive Cock Robin when he was dead and conveniently buried. We all know he died. He had a rook for a parson, a bull for a bell-ringer, an owl for a sexton, and a dove for a mourner—and, in order to please the children, they bring him to life again and make him dance a fandango. "Out upon you, fie upon you, bold-faced jig!" The assembly of birds who witness the tragedy of Cock Robin's supposed death and his subsequent resurrection is quaintly pretty and picturesque, but it was surely ill-advised to muffle up the children's mouths with

masks, thus rendering a generally faulty pronunciation and voice production in far too many instances. Mr. Florian Pascal's music is graceful, but it will not efface the memory of Walter Slaughter's charming setting of "Cock Robin" in a Drury Lane pantomime not so very many years ago. Master Allwood and Master Harry Paulo are the heroes of the afternoon. However, it is a treat to be reminded that there is such a season as Christmas at the theatre. Now that pantomimes have become music-hall entertainments and harlequinades are snubbed, it is as well to get "Cock Robin," "Old King Cole," and a shadow pantomime at the little Royalty.

## "HELP," THE RAILWAY DOG.

A faithful and clever animal, formerly well known to many passengers on the London and Brighton Railway by

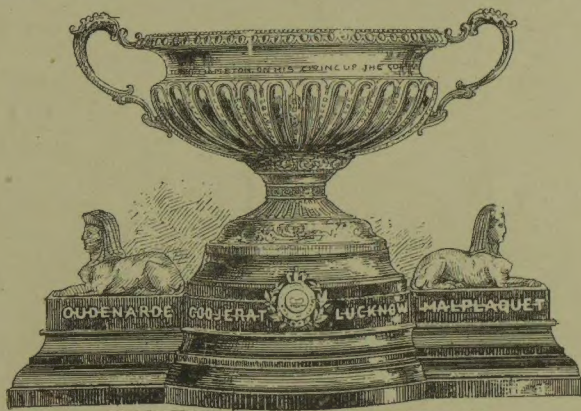


"HELP," THE RAILWAY DOG OF ENGLAND.

the tidal train from London Bridge to Newhaven for the Dieppe steam-boats, has lately died at Newhaven. This dog, a Scotch collie, was trained by Mr. John Climpson, guard of the evening tidal train, to carry an invitation for money to be given by the passengers and others, in aid of the "Associated Society of Railway Servants" of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, for the "Orphan Fund." The late Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, by the assistance of Mr. W. Riddell, of Hailes, Haddington, procured a suitable dog for the service; indeed, the animal was a gift from Mr. Riddell. "Help" was his name, and he wore a handsome silver collar, to which was appended a silver medal bearing the following inscription: "I am Help, the railway dog of England, and travelling agent for the orphans of railway-men who are killed on duty. My office is at 55, Colebrook Row, London, where subscriptions will be thankfully received and duly acknowledged." It is estimated that "Help" was instrumental in obtaining upwards of £1000 for the Orphan Fund. At the Bristol Dog Show, in 1884, "Help" was presented with a silver medal, and Mr. F. W. Hughes, of the Gresham Club, presented him with a silver collar and tablet.

## A COLONEL'S GIFT TO HIS REGIMENT.

The officers of the 1st Battalion of the Lincolnshire Regiment have been presented, for their mess-table, with a silver bowl or centrepiece, given by Colonel Carleton, on his resigning the



SILVER CENTREPIECE PRESENTED TO FIRST BATTALION OF THE LINCOLNSHIRE REGIMENT.

command. It is adorned, on both sides, with beautifully modelled sphinxes, and round the base are inscribed the names of the battles in which the regiment has been engaged. In the centre is the regimental badge; on the reverse a suitable shield, with the record of presentation. The whole was designed, modelled, and manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, royal silversmiths, 158 to 162, Oxford Street.

At the Civil Service banquet the Prince of Wales, who presided, expressed his gratitude for the universal sympathy excited by the illness of Prince George.

Her Majesty the Queen had submitted to her at Windsor Castle on Dec. 12, by Messrs. Dowdeswell, Mr. Herbert Schmalz's picture, "The Return from Calvary."

The lynching of Italians at New Orleans, of which so much has been heard, is referred to by the President of the United States as a most deplorable and discreditable incident, and he is of opinion that when such incidents arise the State officers must be regarded as Federal agents. This is a very sound doctrine, although it may be objected to by some of the States; but, if the United States are to entertain friendly relations with the other Powers, it is evident that the Federal authority must have the means of intervening for the protection of foreigners and for enforcing the respect for international treaties and obligations.

## ART NOTES.

The award of the Royal Academy gold medals and travelling studentships is made every two years, and is supposed to bring to the front a few of the most promising pupils in the Academy schools, while the minor prizes which are given annually as a rule attract the general body. Cumulative prize-taking in the same year is, however, allowed, with the result this year that Mr. Gerald E. Moira, who obtains an "Honourable Mention" for the historical painting, carries off the more substantial Landseer Scholarship in painting, the second silver medal for the painting of a head from life, a grey-bearded fisherman, and fourth prize (£10) for a set of six drawings from life. Mr. Paul Raphael Montford is even a greater pluralist, for he takes the gold medal and travelling studentship (£200) for sculpture, the Landseer Scholarship in the same branch (£40), the first Armitage Prize (£30), the bronze medal for a design in monochrome, "Saul Hurling the Javelin," the only prize (£40) for a water-colour design for a fresco, "St. Augustine in England," the second prize (£20) for a set of three models in plaster from the life, and a second prize (£10) for the model of a design, "Joy." Mr. George Spencer Watson carries off the first silver medal both for figure-painting and for a set of six drawings from the life. Mr. Andrea Luchesi and Mr. H. E. Kirby, Miss R. M. Willis, and Miss Edith Bateson are likewise winners of two prizes each.

The Turner Gold Medal and Scholarship is awarded to Mr. F. J. Mackenzie for a painting illustrating the lines from "Lycidas"—

And now the sun had stretched out o'er the hills,  
And now was dropped into the western bay.

The softness of evening sky and its natural clouds were well rendered, but the marl boulders on the beach presented some difficulties. The subject of the more popular Creswick Prize was an English lane, and attracted a large number of competitors, of whom Miss Emily Louisa Long was adjudged the best for her clever treatment of the sunlight beneath the branches of the overhanging trees.

The subject chosen for the historical painting which determines the best student of the schools was this year "Victory," and absolute freedom in treatment is permitted. Victory in war, in single combat, in love, in faith, in music, in rural races, and in hopscotch were among the many sources whence the Raphaels and Michael Angelos of the future drew their inspiration. The most noteworthy feature of the present competition, and one hitherto untraceable for many years, was the individual influence of so many Academicians and Associates, leading outsiders to believe that the tuition at the schools is more personal than formerly. Mr. Ralph Peacock, who deservedly carried off the gold medal by his group of a Roman wife or maiden at the feet of the Gaul or German conqueror, is obviously a follower of Mr. Alma Tadema; whilst Mr. Pettie, Mr. Frank Dicksee, Mr. Calderon, and Mr. Poynter were amongst those who had inspired or directed other competitors. The Newlyn school, too, had its representatives, but open-air effects are, at present at least, but little in favour for historical pictures. Mr. Peacock's group contained some admirable drawing, and was well composed; but the Roman general in the background somewhat too forcibly suggested the late Mr. W. H. Smith in the bonds of the Fourth Party.

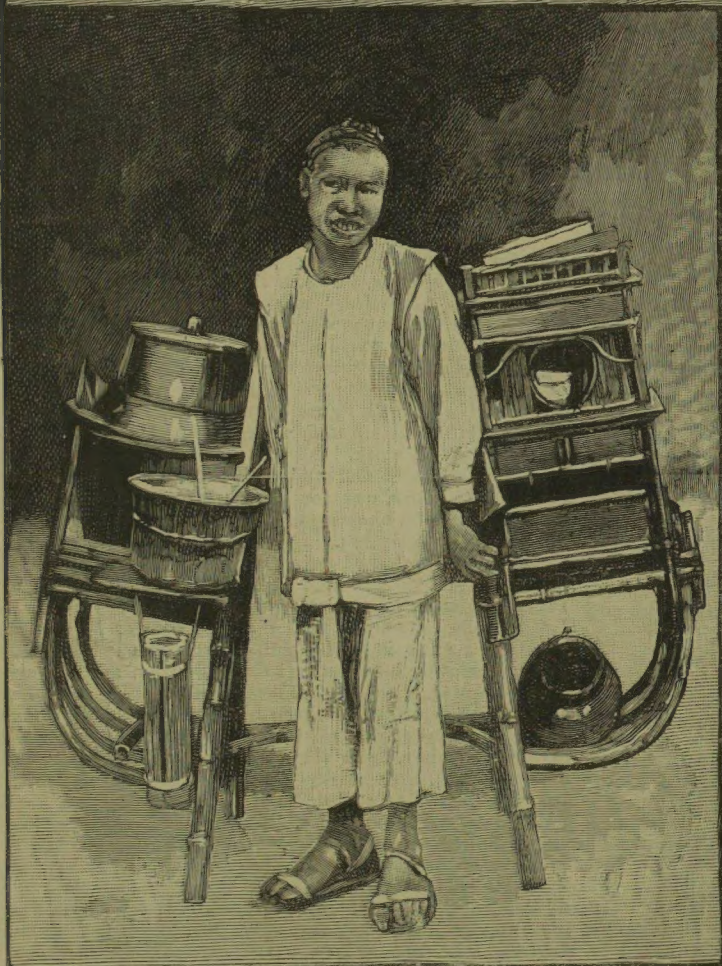
The gold medal for sculpture, awarded to Mr. Montford, was for "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel," of which the action was vigorous, but the limbs in both figures strangely attenuated. Artistically it may have fulfilled all the conditions required, but modern wrestlers from Cumberland, Cornwall, or Provence would have smiled at the sculptor's idea of "grip," and have protested against his ignorance of the rules of the sport. The conditions, however, imposed by the introduction of a winged figure preclude any serious application of realistic treatment, and we can honestly congratulate Mr. Montford on his work.

The gold medal and studentship for architecture, awarded to Mr. A. H. Hart, was for the design of a large town-house, with facilities for showing off pictures—a subject too technical to admit of description.

The distribution of prizes was followed by the President's discourse, which was more technical and erudite than ever. It is a matter of notoriety that the labour Sir Frederick Leighton bestows upon this biennial address far exceeds any practical results it is likely to effect. His subject this year was the relation between artistic production and its surrounding conditions, with especial reference to French architecture. In stately and often glowing periods, the President traced the rise and maintenance of the French artistic sense through several centuries, from the time of Charlemagne to the days of Louis XV., and he dwelt at length upon the unrivalled beauty of Gothic architecture subjected to the precision, purity, and delicacy of French taste. It must, however, have been admitted by the majority of his audience that he was talking far above the heads of even those who had spent years in the study of architecture. Very few could follow the differences of construction and intention which he pointed out—without diagrams or drawings—and most certainly the "pemmican-feeders," who form so large a portion of all such meetings, must have gone away disconsolate and unsatisfied. The President's addresses are always models of stately English, marked by excellent taste and wide knowledge, but they seem to have little reference to the actualities of contemporary art. In no other society with which we are acquainted and in no other country of Western Europe would such an opportunity be lost of speaking, if not of living artists, at least of those who have died in the interval since the last open meeting of the body to which they belonged. Our interest nowadays in art is something personal as well as real, and it is of importance that we should learn from the leader in art matters the place occupied, the influence exercised, and the lessons taught by those who have held official position among contemporary artists. Sir Frederick Leighton's great predecessor, Sir Joshua Reynolds, did not disdain this habit, and has thereby left on record the most useful contributions to the art history of his times.

The *Journal of Indian Art* (Quaritch), published under the patronage of the Government of India, contains some of the finest colour-printing to be found in this country, and does the highest credit to Mr. Griggs, under whose direction the drawings are reproduced. The two last numbers (October 1891 and January 1892) have attractions for a wider public than those only interested in the textile and metal work of India, beautiful as it is. They contain views of the interior of Marlborough House and Sandringham, where the Prince of Wales's Indian art treasures are stored. By the aid of excellent photographs, the home life of the Prince and Princess is laid bare, and it may be of interest to many to see how the dinner-napkins are folded on the Prince's table, and to know that the fashion of Sandringham is a shade more ornate than the Queen's own private table at Osborne or Balmoral.

A STREET IN PEKIN.



A "CHOW-CHOW" VENDOR.  
A BOOT-MENDER.

A STREET IN PEKIN.

# "COME LIVE WITH ME AND BE MY LOVE."

AN ENGLISH PASTORAL.

By ROBERT BUCHANAN,

Author of "God and the Man," "The Shadow of the Sword," &amp;c.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## A PEEP OF SUNSHINE.

Sweet is sunshine thro' the rain,  
All the moist leaves laugh amain,  
Birds sing in wood and lane  
To see the storm go by, O!  
Overhead the lift grows blue,  
Hill and valley smile anew,  
Rainbows fill each drop of dew,  
And a rainbow spans the sky, O!

—The Shepherd's Calendar.

The emotional crisis produced in Catherine's nature by Geoffrey's communication was terrible, and its manifestation in the form of an hysterical fit frightened the whole household to a quite disproportionate extent.

To a normally constituted woman, tears come easily, and are as easily dried. Each emotion, as it touches her, provokes its own fitting expression and passes, leaving little or no trace. With Catherine it was otherwise. There was an idea abroad about her, as there generally is among the acquaintances of self-repressive people who have the art of concealing their emotions, that her nature was too hard and unfeminine to permit her to feel very deeply on any subject. We, who have followed the history of the crucial period of her life thus far, know how shallow that judgment was.

Still waters are not always the deepest, and a good many people have earned a reputation for heroic repression of emotion by the simple means of having no emotion to repress. Catherine's nature was as far removed from that extreme of insensibility as it was from the opposing extreme of sentimentality. She felt deeply and suffered keenly, and as her pride held her from indulging freely in the manifestations of emotion which come so easily to her sex in general, she had been all her life creating, so to speak, a reserve fund of tears, which now, when the deeps of her nature were opened, burst with a fury which both astonished and alarmed. The grief of such a woman, when it once conquers her, is, compared with that of a more easily moved nature, as a tropic thunderstorm compared with an April shower. Had Catherine passed dry-eyed through the fire which Geoffrey's words had lit, her reason, perhaps her life, might have been lost.

Pityingly and wonderingly they bore her, when the first terrible stage of her hysteria was passed, to her chamber, and laid her on the bed. She lay there with her eyes fast shut, but between the hard-set lids the tears ran freely. All that she seemed conscious of now was the presence of Bridget, and she clung to her with a hard, unconscious grip. The younger sister, divining that whatever had happened to explain Catherine's condition it was something germane to the affair which had already revolutionised their relations, sat beside her in silent pity and expectation, wiping the salt tears from her own pale cheeks, while Amanda and the other servants cackled and whispered with wonder and terror about the room.

"She is better now," said Bridget. "You had better go and leave us. I can do all that will be required."

The girls would have lingered, but could find no pretext, and unwillingly retired. Catherine took no heed of their going, but lay still, the tears pouring in an unceasing stream from under her dark lashes, and her body tremulous with her sobbing breath.

"What is it, Catherine?" asked Bridget, bending over her. "What is it? Won't you tell me? You know me, dear, don't you?" she asked, after waiting for a reply. "You know your sister?"

A strong pressure of Catherine's hand was the only response.

"Tell me what it is. What has Geoffrey said to you?"

The tears ran on, but no answer followed. Bridget, with a patient sigh, slid her arm beneath her sister's neck. At that Catherine moved to the edge of the bed, and threw her arm suddenly about her waist. Little by little, Bridget felt the tense muscles slacken; the tears ran more slowly, the breath quieted at every inhalation, and in a little time Catherine lay sleeping in her sister's arms. The strong woman, broken by her storm of emotion, slept like a tired child on the bosom of the frail girl she had cherished.

A deep and solemn gladness filled Bridget's heart. She knew not why, but the pall of trouble which had enfolded her life seemed to have slipped away.

"She loves me—my sister loves me again!" she murmured to herself. "She knew me, she knew it was my arm in which she lay."

Not even a thought of George troubled her. He was somewhere in the background of her mind, but the tranquil joy of having reconquered the old affection which had been the main

my heart ever since I spoke them. They have brought their punishment. Forgive me, dear! I was mad and wicked."

"You never meant them, darling," said Bridget. "Let us forget them. We are together now, as we used to be, and we will go on loving each other, and living for each other, as we did, and think nothing of other people any more."

In the first flush of her reconciliation with Catherine, the sacrifice implied in the last words—the renunciation of George—looked almost easy. Catherine kissed her with a sad smile.

"You must be very tired with watching me all night," she said. "Go to your room, dear, and try to sleep. You need not be afraid of leaving me, I want to be alone. But kiss me again first."

They parted after a long embrace, and Catherine, rising from the bed, paced quietly about her chamber in the broadening light.

The night of passion and despair was over. Calm and pure as the morning radiance, flooding field and sky, the dawn of a purer love had arisen in her soul.

She felt strangely strong and peaceful—a creature renewed, and when, after a few minutes passed on her knees at her bedside, she descended, there was a tranquil happiness upon her face, which astonished all who had seen her on the previous night.

Her first inquiry was for Geoffrey. He had called an hour before, and, learning that she was still asleep, had gone, promising to come again, after his morning tour of the farm.

She went through the tasks of the hour in her old, accustomed fashion, and when the time for Geoffrey's second coming was near, went and awakened Bridget. Geoffrey was in the kitchen when they entered.

Catherine greeted him with her ordinary manner, and, saying simply, "Bridget and I want to speak to you," led the way to the parlour.

"You asked me last night," she said to her sister, "what Geoffrey had said to me that had overcome me so. I am going to tell you, dear. You must be brave, for what I am going to tell you is terrible. Somebody has tried to kill you—to poison you, my child!"

"Catherine!" cried Bridget, in a voice of horrified surprise.

"And do you know who they say has done so? Do you know who is thought guilty of planning your death? Me!—your sister!"

Bridget stood for a moment as if frozen, and then, with a cry, threw her arms round Catherine, and broke into tears.

"You see," said Catherine to Geoffrey, "she knows it couldn't be!"

"Know it!" cried Bridget, in a voice broken with sobs.

"Whoever said it?—whoever thought of such a wicked thing? My darling! My own dear Catherine! The sister who has reared me, loved me, cherished me! Oh! shameful! cruel!" She kissed her sister passionately. "Oh, don't think I believe it, dear!—don't, or it will kill me!"

"It's worth all the trouble you've gone through," said Geoffrey, "to see you

together again like this. This is why I told you, Catherine. I knew you had only to hear of such a foul suspicion to prove to the whole world that it was impossible."

"Thank you, my friend," said Catherine, simply.

"But," cried Bridget, "someone wished my death! Someone!"

"No one, no one," said Catherine, interrupting her, and tenderly smoothing her hair. "No one wished it, so don't talk of it. It is all a mistake. It has had its uses. It has brought us together again, little one. Let us forget it."

"But why did they speak of poison?" cried Bridget. "Why did they suspect you? Ah!" she cried with a sudden inspiration, "I know—because of George!"

Catherine tried to speak, but Bridget stayed her mouth with her hand.

"No, no; don't speak yet. They think George came between us. They think we hate each other enough for a crime like that! And if you had been ill and dying they might have thought the same of me. Shame on them! Shame!



"Ah, little sister," she cried, drawing Bridget closer to her. "You have been here all night watching over me!"

part of her life banished all thought of the trouble which the new love had brought.

Tenderly as a mother might caress the face of a sleeping babe, she touched Catherine's wet cheek with her lips. Catherine's grasp of her tightened ever so little, as though the happy sense of their reunion was present with her even in her sleep.

It was grey morning when Catherine awoke to find herself still in Bridget's arms. For a moment she looked about the room with the dazed stare of the sleeper who awakens amid unfamiliar circumstances, then a long deep sigh showed that she remembered the events of the preceding night.

"Ah, little sister," she cried, drawing Bridget closer to her. "You have been here all night, watching over me!"

"You are better now?" asked Bridget.

"Yes," said Catherine. "I am better now. How much better! Bridget, I have to ask your pardon for those wicked words. Yes, I must," she continued, as Bridget strove to prevent her speaking. "I must. They have been heavy on

But we'll silence them, dear; we'll stop their wicked tongues. We'll prove to them we are not so evil as they think us. We'll show them what we are to one another. You love George—you shall marry him."

"Bridget!" cried Catherine; "what are you saying? You would give him up to me?"

"You've given up all else in the world for my sake. You've given me all—your love, your life. You've lived for me; it's my turn now," she cried tenderly, hiding her flushing face on Catherine's neck. "It's my turn now."

Catherine looked to Geoffrey with a sad and pitying smile, in which there was a touch of motherly triumph.

"And yet," she murmured, touched to the soul by the wild, childish generosity; "and yet you love him."

"No, no," cried Bridget, impetuously; "at least, I can forget him; I can live without him."

"Could you ever do that, little one?" asked Catherine.

"Ye-es," sobbed Bridget. "I would try. I must! I will!"

"But what would George say to that arrangement?" asked Catherine, with a tender half-laugh in her voice. "I am afraid we must give him a say in the matter, and he might not like to be handed over in that way."

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" cried Bridget, in a distress which might have had its comic side to a disinterested spectator of the scene.

"No, no," said Catherine. "You're too weak, my

"Won't we have the laugh of them all! Won't we have grand times, dear, here at the old farm!"

"But, Catherine! Catherine!" cried Bridget. "It's impossible. Even if you are willing, how can I marry George. That dreadful old man will cast him off. He'll be ruined."

"What? The Gaffer?" said Catherine. "Don't fret yourself about him, Bridget. I know the music to make him dance at your wedding. Trust me, Bridget, he won't stand in your way. Come, Geoffrey, won't George and Bridget make a pretty pair!"

"Ay, indeed," said Geoffrey, turning aside to hide his emotion.

"And I know a man," said Catherine, reaching out her hand to him, "who'll be glad to be their groomsman. A bit tough and grizzled like myself, eh, Geoffrey?" she laughed again. "Till then, I warn you to take care of Bridget, for fear I ill-use her and try to do her harm!"

She kissed the girl again with a passionate cry.

"Go, Geoffrey! Go to the farm and bring George here—George and the Gaffer, if you can find both. Thank you, my true friend, for speaking as you did last night. It isn't the first service you've rendered me, not by many, but it's the greatest of all, and I sha'n't forget it!"

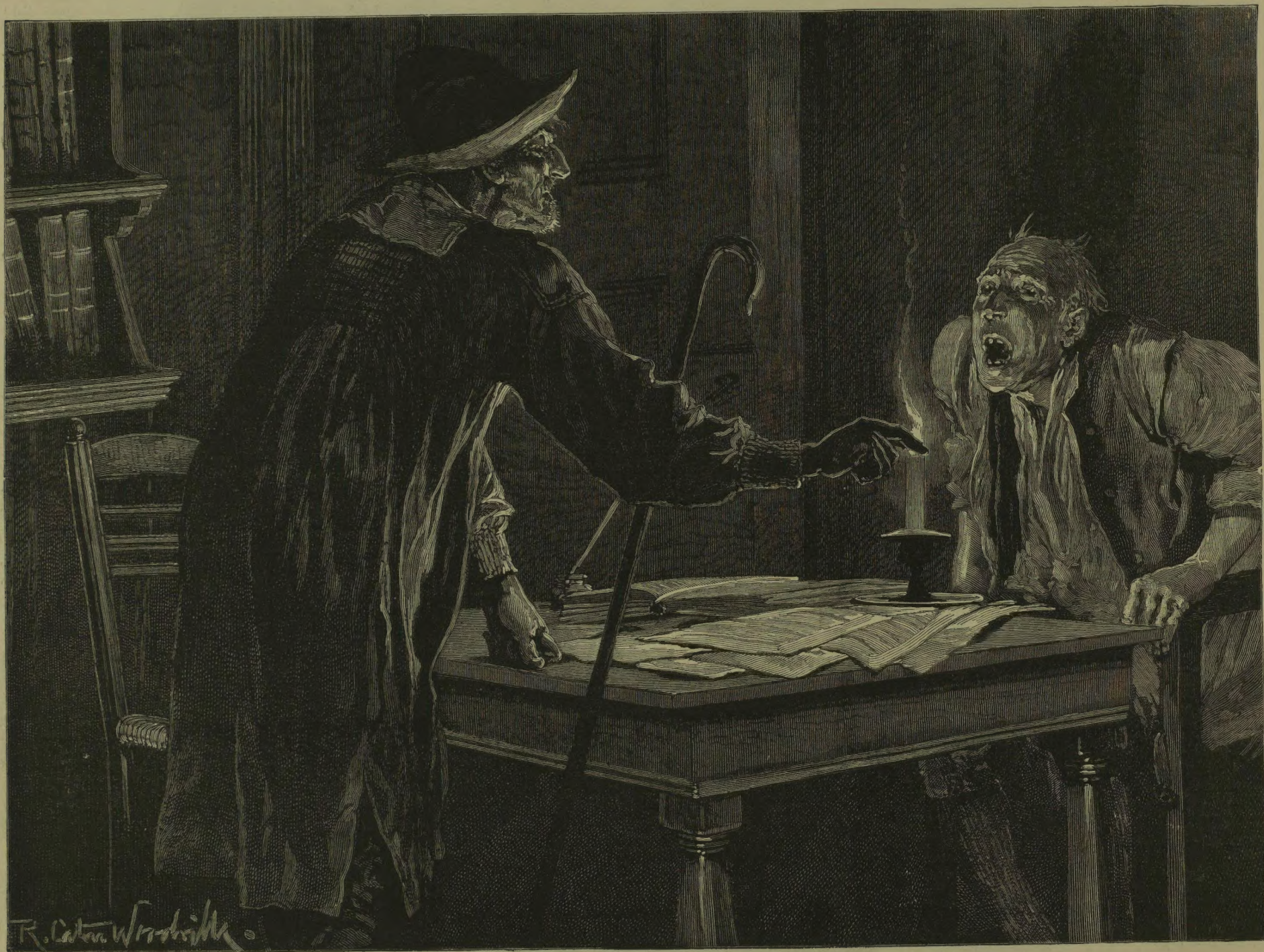
Geoffrey took her hand again, and, silently pressing it, walked from the room, leaving the reunited sisters in each other's arms.

clasped close, to be tended with endless offices of love. All the world should see that no evil power could part those twain. George especially even should see it! He should be shamed by his own suspicion, and humiliated by the spectacle of their devotion.

The thought of what George had thought and done was the bitterest thing which this proud woman had to bear, but it had come to save her against herself and to turn her yearning love to absolute repulsion. Sometimes, as it passed through her mind, the young man, with his youthful face and quiet, winning ways, grew positively hateful to her. But she remembered that he was the light of the little sister's life, and crushed the hatred down.

Three days after that memorable reconciliation, when Bridget was out of all danger and had recovered a little of her old lightness, Catherine sent a secret message to George Kingsley, asking him to come over and speak to her. Not without a terrible struggle with her own pride did she determine on that course, but her strength of will prevailed. George replied by the same messenger that he could not come. Her mind was at once made up. She determined to go to him and have an explanation face to face.

It was late in the evening. Bridget having already retired to rest, Catherine was alone in the great kitchen. All the day she had worn a mask of mirth, had been as busy as a bee, and had convinced her sister, for the twentieth time, that she was making no sacrifice. But left to herself, Catherine underwent



"There's a shroud in the candle!" he observed. "Facing your way, Gaffer!"

## CHAPTER XXII.

### JASPER PLAYS THE PEACEMAKER.

The wind blows chill in my roof-tree,  
The rain is falling dreary, O!  
There's storm between my love and me,  
And I wake and weep full weary, O!  
My curse be on the wind and rain,  
And on this wintry weather, O!  
For where's the hand can heal my pain,  
And bring the sunshine back again  
To shine on us together, O!—The Rainy Day.

Quite unconsciously, and without the faintest attempt to calculate results, Geoffrey had adopted the one mode of treatment which could possibly have cured Catherine's infatuation.

By telling her in good set terms that George Kingsley thought her capable of planning and attempting Bridget's death (although, as the reader is aware, Geoffrey was mistaken on this point, and George thought nothing of the kind) he turned her wounded vanity into vigorous indignation. Had she been a woman of less noble nature, the result might have been different. "Hell has no fury like a woman scorned," says the poet. But Catherine's furious mood was long past. Scorn, like a powerful cautery, destroyed the last traces of morbid disease, and restored the balance of the strong woman's healthy animalism. From that moment Catherine was determined, at any suffering and at any cost, to rise superior to what she at last recognised as an unworthy passion.

It was now, as it seemed to her, Bridget and herself *contra mundum*; even Geoffrey was left out of count, as a sort of sympathetic looker-on.

The little sister was a child again, to be protected, to be

a transformation. The crisis of her pain had come; she had to meet the man who had almost broken her heart; and for a time she sat in agony, her eyes full of bitter tears.

At last, when it was quite dark and still, she threw on her cloak and went to the door. It had been a chill, drizzly day, and the rain was still falling; but, without a thought of anything but her errand, she slipped out, closed the door softly behind her, and made her way through the darkness to the Warren Farm.

At the very time that Catherine was sitting alone, struggling with that great agony, Gaffer Kingsley was also sitting alone in his own chair at the Farm. His books of accounts were open before him, and he was turning them over with trembling fingers; but his look was abstracted, and his thoughts seemed wandering elsewhere. One solitary candle, in a tin candlestick, guttered on the table before him. The slightest sound from without or within made him start and look round nervously, and from time to time he mopped the perspiration from his wrinkled brow.

For days past he and George had scarcely exchanged a word. He knew, however, that his son was making preparations to leave home. When their eyes met, the Gaffer turned his away, for his spirit seemed entirely broken, and all his power of vituperation had forsaken him for ever.

It would be difficult to say how far this change of mood and temper came from shame at his own rascality, and how far from the moral paralysis consequent on the utter failure of his plans. He could not have enlightened you himself, for he did not know. He was "nervous," he thought; unaccountably nervous and out of sorts. His relish for life seemed gone, and in the slow intellectual process of his small brain, where

darling—too like a tender flower. You'd droop and die without George's love. But you shall not. No. I'll prove to you that I want you to live."

"But you—you," began Bridget. "Oh, it's shameful—I can do nothing, give nothing, and you have given me all. I won't! I won't marry George! I'd rather die!"

"Hush, dear! hush! and let me speak," said Catherine. "It was just madness and folly on my part; it was bound to have an end. Yes, 'twas only a day's shadow on our lives, and it's past and gone. I thought I loved George—I thought he might have learned to love me. A fine affair that! He is only a lal, and I—how the people would have laughed to see a silly old woman like me—No, no, little one, I was mad, and God has brought me back my reason. It's you, not I, that must be George's wife!"

She spoke lightly, with a fond laughter in her eyes, and Geoffrey, watching the scene, marvelled within himself. Was it genuine, or only the most consummate acting? Whichever it was, it was wonderful.

"And now," she continued, "all that we have to do is to call in the happy man and name the day, and set the bells a-ringing. Not a word, little one. It shall be as I say. You shall marry your own true love, and soon, soon! You won't forget me in your happiness, will you, dear? You'll remember the cross, grumpy sister, and come and let her see you sometimes, won't you? Nay, nay, dear, you mustn't cry yourself ill again. We'll forget all our troubles. There'll be nothing but sunshine and merrymaking now. A wedding dress for my little sister, a wedding ring!"

She broke out into laughter which had in it a touch of the hysteria of the previous night. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes sparkled,

instinct was far stronger than reason, he was chiefly conscious of a dim, animal-like dread.

He was afraid of George, afraid of every stranger he encountered, afraid of his own shadow, so to speak; and afraid in the manner of a spiteful but well-whipped hound, rather than that of a reasoning human being. He knew, vacantly, that although Bridget lived, and he had been spared the guilt of murder, the end of his misdeed had not yet come. But what was yet to happen, he could not tell.

He was sitting in weary abstraction, when the door opened, and the man whom of all men living he most dreaded walked leisurely in. Not recognising him at first, but full of his own fears, he uttered a cry, and gripped the stick which ever lay to his hand; but the next moment, perceiving that his visitor was Jasper the shepherd, he fell back in his chair open-mouthed.

For at least a minute Jasper uttered no word, but, leaning on his crook, stood looking hard into the face of the old man; then nodding a greeting, he bent forward and snuffed the guttering "dip" with his fingers.

"There's a shroud in the candle!" he observed. "Facing your way, Gaffer!"

The Gaffer drew a deep breath; then, looking at the speaker, his eyes contracted like those of a snake, he tried to speak, but his lips and tongue were dry as sand, and the sounds battled in his throat.

"A long white shinin' shroud!" continued his tormentor, with a grim smile. "D'ye know what that means, *you*?"

The tone of sharp contempt in which the words were spoken acted like the prick of a needle, and brought the Gaffer to himself. His thin bony hand felt again for the weapon of defence, and his face became fierce and ugly as that of some hunted beast of prey.

"What brings 'ee hereaway?" he articulated at last.

Without replying, the Shepherd took a chair, sat down right opposite to the Gaffer, and renewed his long and searching gaze. This was more than irritable flesh and blood could bear. With a little scream of rage, the Gaffer grasped his stick, and aimed a feeble blow at the other's head; but the blow fell short, and the stick dropped from the lax and trembling hand, while Jasper sat stern and unconcerned.

"Where's Mr. Jarge?" demanded the Shepherd.

"Don't know and don't care!" was the reply. "Out of my house, *you*!"

Though the words were decisive, the tone was feeble and even timorous.

"Was it my son Jarge ye came to see?" the Gaffer added, suspiciously.

"No son o' yours!" said the Shepherd, sternly. "Better begotten and better bred, ye black-hearted miserable old man. So! Ye wanted poison, did 'ee, to rid yourself of a poor hound that troubled 'ee? 'Twere no hound—'twere a living woman!"

The old man's face went livid, his jaw dropped, his eyes sank in his head, but, conquering his terror, he gasped—

"Wheesh! Speak low! Someone'll hear 'ee!"

"And if they do?" continued the Shepherd. "If I call out loud and call folk to witness, ye deserve to hang. Down on your knees—pray the Lord to forgive 'ee! Thank the Lord I was by to save the poor wench ye tried to kill!"

Desperate with terror, the Gaffer half sprang up in his chair, and shook his skinny hands before him.

"It's a lie!" he cried. "Ye can prove nowt! I tell 'ee it's a lie! Bridget's living!"

"Ay, thanks to me, tho' she drank the ugly broth ye gave her. She's living, but does that make your guilt less, Gaffer Kingsley? Ye tried to kill her, and the Lord'll punish 'ee all the same!"

The Gaffer, his last power of fight gone, fell back awed and terrified before the pitiless eyes of his accuser. Huddled up in his chair, he gasped and groaned and fought for breath. Then, rising quietly, the Shepherd placed his hand upon his shoulder.

"Confess, ye Cain, or I'll call them that shall make 'ee!"

"Shepherd, Shepherd!" moaned the Gaffer, clutching the outstretched arm. "Hold your peace, and it'll be worth your while. Don't 'ee, don't 'ee talk like that! I be an old man, wi' only a short while to live—and maybe I'll make amends."

Jasper waited until the paroxysm of supplication had subsided, then he spoke again—

"Listen to me, Gaffer. Only me and your son Jarge knows o' this—even yon doctor vule has ne'er a guess o' what ailed the little one." (The Gaffer pricked up his ears.) "Well, kneel down and swear to dower Mr. Jarge wi' the Warren Farm the day he weds Miss Bridget, and I'll save 'ee from ending your days in jail or maybe worse."

"I'll promise nowt!" said the Gaffer, now fully on the alert. "Catherine has the money—the lands jine!"

"Make your choice!" cried Jasper. "Swear to do as I've bidden 'ee, or I'll speak out!"

Their eyes met. Jasper's were still stern and determined, and it was clear that there was no mercy there; but the Gaffer's were again keen and quick and full of life. The hunted fox already saw a gleam of safety. No one knew the secret, except Jasper and George. George, of course, would be silent, for very shame, and Jasper—well, Jasper, he knew, loved money, and might have his price.

"Gi'e me time!" the Gaffer murmured. "Sit down, sit down, and talk it o'er." He added, with a feeble attempt to seem hospitable and friendly, "Will 'ee take a sup o' something, Shepherd? A mug o' old ale?"

"Not a drop in this house," returned Jasper, with another of his grim smiles; "tho' the man don't live as could poison me." As he spoke he sat down, adding, "There be only one way out o' it—gi'e up the farm; and dower your son."

"And what's to become o' me?" demanded the Gaffer, sharply, with a flash of his old savage humour. "Shall I go down to workhouse, and ask 'em to lodge me thereaway?"

"Ye may go down to hell-fire, if ye please," returned the other, drily. "It'll be no consarn o' mine where ye go or what ye do; but ye'll ha' to put wrong right, and do justice to her ye wrong'd and tried to kill. She's to marry Mr. Jarge, mind that!"

The Gaffer mused, gazing vacantly at the shroud in the candle; then, with a little of his old tremor, he bent forward and detaching the ominous tallow with his fingers threw it into the fireplace.

"Well?" said Jasper, watching him.

"Jarge and me don't speak now!" was the evasive reply. Jasper nodded approvingly.

"Jarge is a good lad, and no wonder his soul's sick to ha' such a father. But he'll see right done, tho' his father were to hang, as maybe he will, some day."

If looks could have killed, the Shepherd would have had short shrift, so dire and murderous was the other's expression; but the Gaffer, who was beginning to recover a certain amount of composure, forced his face into a puckered grin as he said—

"Ye'll ha' your joke, Shepherd, come what will. But, as I was a-saying, Jarge and me don't speak, and I doubt he'll be leaving home for good."

The words had scarcely left his lips when the door again opened, and George Kingsley himself appeared, looking as

haggard and worn as a love-sick and love-tormented young man could be. He started on seeing the Shepherd, and seemed about to withdraw.

"Don't go away, Mr. Jarge," said Jasper. "Your father and me ha' been talking about 'ee, and I be glad you're come."

Without answering, George looked at his father, who averted his eyes. Jasper continued—

"Happen you'll still be anger'd wi' the old man for that wicked deed only you and me knows on; but the Lord has laid a finger on that black heart o' his'n, and he seeks to make amends. Now bide a bit," he continued, in answer to an angry and impatient gesture from George; "bide a bit, and hearken to what I be goin' to say. The day you marry Miss Bridget, the Gaffer here will dower ye both wi' your mother's portion and the Warren Farm."

The Gaffer started up in his chair, glaring in fierce protestation; but before he could say a word George replied—

"I'll take nothing from my father, except what's my own by right. I want neither his gifts nor his blessing, for there'd be a curse on both. I'm leaving this place for ever, and I shall never see Bridget Thorpe again; after what has happened, I could never look her in the face."

The Gaffer broke in wildly: "Now, Jarge!"

"Hold your tongue, ye Cain!" cried the Shepherd. "Come, Mr. George, for Miss Bridget's sake!"

"It's for hersake I am going," said George, his face hard set despite the rising tears. "We brought her cruel sorrow and almost death. How could I take her hand in mine, knowing that my father plotted to have her life? Flesh and blood is thicker than water, and, God help me! I'm flesh and blood of his, and the curse of his guilt will be on me till I die. Don't talk to me, man! Don't say another word! All I want now is to quit this place for ever!"

Cowed and terrified by this tirade, the Gaffer crouched in his chair, looking in dumb appeal from one face to the other. George, after all, was his son, and in his own selfish, sordid way he had always recognised the relationship. He saw now clearly the extent of his offence and the hopelessness of reconciliation, and in his abject shame and terror he was almost willing to accede to Jasper's terms.

"Your mind be made up?" asked Jasper, quietly.

"My mind's made up," replied George.

"Then so be mine," said Jasper, rising with an air of determination. "Maybe I was wrong to try to hush up a wicked deed, but now I'll see the guilty punished whate'er befall."

"What'll 'ee do?" cried, almost screamed, the Gaffer.

"Jarge, stop him! Don't let him go!"

"I ha' held my tongue till now," said the Shepherd, passing and looking at George, "thinking, maybe, that ill might be mended, and the little one's trouble healed. But since 'tis as ye say, and all o'er between ye for evermore, there be no call to be silent now. I'll go straight away to the constable to denounce the man that gave poison stuff to Miss Bridget and tried to take her life."

"No, no!" shrieked the Gaffer. "Jarge! Speak to him! Tell him you'll do as he bids 'ee! Tell him you'll wed Bridget! Don't 'ee let him put the rope round your father's neck—don't 'ee, don't 'ee!"

Without once glancing at his father, George addressed the Shepherd. His voice was low and tremulous, and his look was one of utter despair.

"Say what you will," he said, "but remember you'll only be breaking Bridget's heart. It's for hersake, not my father's, that I warn you to think again. You know well that I can't wed Bridget with this secret on my soul; and besides my shame to come between us, there's her sister's hate."

"There be no hate between them now," returned Jasper. "Miss Catherine and she are thick and loving, as they ha' always been. Come, lad, do as you'd be done by—what's past can ne'er be whistled back, and why should young and innocent folk suffer for an old man's sin?"

Instead of answering, George sank into a chair, and, covering his face with his hands, wept in silence. His sadly burdened heart had overflowed at last.

The two men watched him silently—Jasper with infinite pity, the Gaffer with increased hope and eagerness, for in his eyes all such melting was a sign of defeat.

The candle had burnt so low that the room was in semi-darkness. The rain pattered on the window pane with increased force, and the rising wind began to whistle shrilly past the house.

When the silence was at last broken, it was by the opening of the door, and the appearance of another person on the threshold of the room.

Catherine Thorpe, pale as death, and dripping wet from the storm.

(To be continued.)

#### A NEW STORY BY RIDER HAGGARD.

On Jan. 2, 1892, will be published the Opening Chapters of a new serial Story by

H. RIDER HAGGARD,

entitled "*Nada the Lily*," Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

The influenza is raging very seriously in the United States. At St. Louis forty teachers in the public schools are incapacitated. Madame Modjeska, who is at Philadelphia, has been compelled to cancel all her engagements for some time, owing to the severity with which she is prostrated.

The Bishop of Exeter (Dr. Bickersteth), who has been on a visit to his son, the Bishop of Japan, has left that country on his return home, where he is expected to arrive on or about New Year's Eve. He has reached Hong-Kong, where he would have to wait a week for the steamer, and was a guest there of Bishop Burdon.

There has just been opened in the Bargello, the National Museum at Florence, a collection of mediæval and Renaissance art bequeathed to the city by the late M. Louis Carrand, a Frenchman who lived for many years in Florence and Pisa. The collection is especially rich in mediæval ivories, as well as in goldsmith's work, French and Italian, of the sixteenth century. There are also some valuable Limoges enamels, among them specimens dating back to the eleventh and twelfth centuries, as well as bronze medals and plaquettes.

The latest cricketing news from Australia tells of a match between Lord Sheffield's team and a local twenty-two of Camden, New South Wales. The visitors, who were the first to go to the wicket, were all disposed of for the total of 184, and when stumps were drawn the home team had lost one wicket for 18 runs. On the resumption of play the following day the remaining twenty wickets of the Camden men fell in rapid succession. They were all dismissed for the small total of 54, and a follow-on was therefore necessary. In their second attempt they were again quite unable to withstand the brilliant bowling of the visitors, the innings closing for 87. The Englishmen thus won the match by an innings and 43 runs.

## THE JUBILEE

OF

## ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM.

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ON JANUARY 2, 1892,

## THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

will commence its HUNDREDTH VOLUME, and on May 9 will complete its FIFTIETH YEAR. No effort will be spared to maintain its high position in Pictorial Journalism, and the New Volumes will be singularly rich on both the Artistic and the Literary Side, while now, as ever, SPECIAL, AND INDEED PRIMARY, IMPORTANCE WILL BE ATTACHED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Included among forthcoming contributions may be mentioned—

DR. JOHNSON'S GHOST IN FLEET STREET.

Illustrated by PHIL MAY.

OUR NOTE BOOK. By JAMES PAYN.

THE HUMOURS OF THE BALL-ROOM.

Illustrated by BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

THE PLAYHOUSES. By CLEMENT SCOTT.

THE HOMES AND HAUNTS OF MEN OF LETTERS.

By CLEMENT SHORTER.

Illustrated by HERBERT RAILTON.

VIGNETTES OF HAMPSHIRE LIFE.

By the Author of "*Mademoiselle Ixe*."

VIGNETTES OF CORNISH LIFE. By "Q."

FROM BERLIN TO BUDA-PESTH ON BICYCLES.

By JOSEPH and ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

THE SEVEN DELIGHTS. By BARRY PAIN.

CAT SHOWS, BIRD SHOWS, DOG SHOWS.

Illustrated by LOUIS WAIN.

STEPPING EASTWARD. By HALL CAINE.

OUR SHIPS AND SAILORS.

Illustrated by J. R. WELLS and W. H. OVEREND.

## "NADA THE LILY."

A Serial Story. By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE LONDON CLUBS.

Illustrated by T. WALTER WILSON, R.I.

ENGLISH HOMES.

Illustrated by HERBERT RAILTON and G. MONTBARD.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.

Illustrated by W. SIMPSON.

Short Stories by THOMAS HARDY, HENRY JAMES, GEORGE MEREDITH, ROBERT BUCHANAN, RUDYARD KIPLING, WALTER BESANT, HALL CAINE, &c.

THROUGH CHINA AND JAPAN.

By our Special Artist Mr. JULIUS PRICE.

THE REVOLUTION IN BRAZIL.

By our Special Artist Mr. MELTON PRIOR.

THE ENGLISH OCCUPATION OF EGYPT.

By our Special Artist Mr. HOLLAND TRINGHAM.

## "THE TRAMP ABROAD AGAIN."

BY MARK TWAIN.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

Literary Contributions by ANDREW LANG, FREDERICK GREENWOOD, WILLIAM MORRIS, DR. JESSOPP, DR. GARNETT, WILLIAM WATSON, and many other Writers of Distinction.

Artistic Contributions by G. A. STOREY, A.R.A., ALFRED EAST, R.I., JOHN FULLEYLOVE, R.I., WILLIAM STRANG, FRED BARNARD, JOSEPH PENNELL, and others.

## "THE BEACH OF FALESA."

A Serial Story. By R. LOUIS STEVENSON.

PICTURES FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

By OLIVE SCHREINER.

## A STORY OF LONDON LIFE.

By J. M. BARRIE.



A VIEW OF GENEVA.

## THE TRAMP ABROAD AGAIN. BY MARK TWAIN.

### II.—PLAYING COURIER.

A time would come when we must go from Aix-les-Bains to Geneva, and thence, by a series of day-long and tangled journeys, to Bayreuth, in Bavaria. I must have a courier, of course, to take care of so considerable a party as mine.

But I procrastinated. The time slipped along, and at last I woke up one day to the fact that we were ready to move

and had no courier. I then resolved upon what I felt was a foolhardy thing, but I was in the humour for it. I said I would make the first stage without help—and I did it.

I brought the party from Aix to Geneva by myself—four people. The distance was two hours and more, and there was one change of cars. There was not an accident of any kind, except leaving a valise and some other matters on the platform, a thing which can hardly be called an accident, it is so common. So I offered to conduct the party all the way to Bayreuth.

This was a blunder, though it did not seem so at the time.

There was more detail than I thought there would be: (1) Two persons whom we had left in a Geneva pension some weeks before must be collected and brought to the hotel; (2) I must notify the people on the Grand Quay who store trunks to bring seven of our stored trunks to the hotel and carry back seven which they would find piled in the lobby; (3) I must find out what part of Europe Bayreuth was in, and buy seven railway tickets for that point; (4) I must send a telegram to a friend in the Netherlands; (5) it was now two in the afternoon, and we must look sharp and be ready for the first night train, and make sure of sleeping-car tickets; (6) I must draw money at the bank.

It seemed to me that the sleeping-car tickets must be the most important thing, so I went to the station myself, to make sure; hotel messengers are not always brisk people. It was a hot day, and I ought to have driven; but it seemed better economy to walk. It did not turn out so, because I lost my way and trebled the distance. I applied for the tickets, and they asked me which route I wanted to go by, and that embarrassed me and made

me lose my head, there were so many people standing around, and I not knowing anything about the routes, and not supposing there were going to be two; so I judged it best to go back and map out the road and come again.

I took a cab this time, but on my way upstairs at the hotel I remembered that I was out of cigars, so I thought it would



He offered to sell me seven second-class through tickets for twenty-two dollars apiece.

be well to get some while the matter was in my mind. It was only around the corner, and I did not need the cab. I asked the cabman to wait where he was. Thinking of the telegram, and trying to word it in my head, I forgot the cigars and the cab, and walked on indefinitely. I was going to have the hotel people send the telegram, but as I could not be far from the post-office by this time, I thought I would do it myself. But it was farther than I had supposed. I found the place at last, and wrote the telegram and handed it in. The clerk was a severe-looking, fidgety man, and he began to fire French questions at me in such a liquid form that I could not detect the joints between his words, and this made me lose my head again. But an Englishman stepped up and said the clerk wanted to know where he was to send the telegram. I could not tell him, because it was not my telegram, and I explained that I was merely sending it for a member of my party. But nothing would pacify the clerk but the address, so I said that if he was so particular I would go back and get it.

However, I thought I would go and collect those lacking two persons first, for it would be best to do everything systematically and in order, and one detail at a time. Then I remembered the cab that was eating up my substance down at the hotel yonder; so I called another cab, and told the man to go down and fetch it to the post-office and wait till I came.

I had a long, hot walk to collect those people, and when I got there they couldn't come with me because they had heavy satchels and must have a cab. I went away to find one; but before I ran across any I noticed that I had reached the neighbourhood of the Grand Quay—at least, I thought I had—so I judged I could save time by stepping around and arranging about the trunks. I stepped around about a mile, and, although I did not find the Grand Quay, I found a cigar-shop and remembered about the cigars. I said I was going to Bayreuth,



The Mayor had gone to dinner. I thought I would go to dinner myself, but the officer on duty thought differently, and I stayed.



"JACK'S ALIVE!"  
DRAWN BY W. B. WOLLEN.

and wanted enough for the journey. The man asked me which route I was going to take. I said I did not know. He said he would recommend me to go by Zurich and various other places which he named, and offered to sell me seven second-class through tickets for 22 dollars apiece, which would be throwing off the discount which the railroads allowed him. I was already tired of riding second class on first-class tickets, so I took him up.

By-and-bye I found Natural and Co.'s storage office, and told them to send seven of our trunks to the hotel and pile them up in the lobby. It seemed to me that I was not delivering the whole of the message; still, it was all I could find in my head.

Next I found the bank, and asked for some money; but I had left my letter of credit somewhere, and was not able to draw. I remembered now that I must have left it lying on the table where I wrote my telegram; so I got a cab and drove to the post-office, and went upstairs, and they said that a letter of credit had, indeed, been left on the table, but that it was now in the hands of the police authorities, and it would be necessary for me to go there and prove ownership. They sent a boy with me, and we went out the back way and walked a couple of miles and found the place, and then I remembered about my cabs, and asked the boy to send them to me when he got back to the post-office. It was nightfall now, and the Mayor had gone to dinner. I thought I would go to dinner myself, but the officer on duty thought differently, and I stayed. The Mayor dropped in at half past ten, but said it was too late to do anything to-night, come at 9.30 in the morning. The officer wanted to keep me all night, and said I was a suspicious-looking person, and probably did not own the letter of credit, and didn't know what a letter of credit was, but merely saw the real owner leave it lying on the table,

I saw by the manner of this that the idea was to get down to cold business now. So I began my travels, but was cut short again.

"Where are the two others? We have been in frightful anxiety about them."

"Oh, they're all right. I was to fetch a cab. I will go straight off and"—

"Sit down! Don't you know it is eleven o'clock? Where did you leave them?"

"At the pension."

"Why didn't you bring them?"

"Because we couldn't carry the satchels. And so I thought"—

"Thought! You should not try to think. One cannot think without the proper machinery. It is two miles to that pension. Did you go there without a cab?"

"I—well, I didn't intend to; it only happened so."

"How did it happen so?"

"Because I was at the post-office, and I remembered that I had left a cab waiting here, and so, to stop that expense, I sent another cab to—to"—

"To what?"

"Well, I don't remember now, but I think the new cab was to let the hotel pay the old cab, and I sent it away."

"What good would that do?"

"What good would it do? It would stop the expense, wouldn't it?"

"By putting the new cab in its place to continue the expense?"

"That—well, it seemed to me that in the circumstances—so many of us, you know, and—"

"What are you mooning about? Do turn your face this way and let me—Why, you haven't drawn any money!"

"Well, the banker said"—

"Never mind what the banker said! You must have had a reason of your own. Not a reason exactly, but something which"—

"Well, then, the simple fact was that I hadn't my letter of credit."

"Hadn't your letter of credit?"

"Hadn't my letter of credit."

"Don't repeat me like that. Where was it?"

"At the post-office."

"What was it doing there?"

"Well, I forgot it, and left it there."

"Upon my word, I've seen a good many couriers, but of all the couriers that ever I"—

"I've done the best I could."

"Well, so you have, poor thing, and I'm wrong to abuse you so when you've been working yourself to death while we've been sitting here only thinking of our vexations instead of feeling grateful for what you were trying to do for us. It will all come out right. We can take the 7.30 train in the morning just as well. You've bought the tickets?"

"I have—and it's a bargain too. Second class."

"I'm glad of it. Everybody else travels second class, and we might just as well save that ruinous extra charge. What did you pay?"

"Twenty-two dollars apiece—through to Bayreuth."

"Why, I didn't know you could buy through tickets anywhere but in London and Paris."

"Some people can't, maybe, but some people can—of whom I am one, it appears."

"It seems a rather high price."

"On the contrary. The dealer knocked off his commission."

"Dealer?"

"Yes; I bought them at a cigar-shop."

"That reminds me. We shall have to get up pretty early, and so there should be no packing to do. Your umbrella, your rubbers, your cigars—What is the matter?"

"Hang it! I've left the cigars at the bank!"

"Just think of it! Well, your umbrella?"

"I'll have that all right. There's no hurry."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Oh! that's all right, I'll take care of"—

"Where is that umbrella?"

"It's just the merest step—I won't take me"—

"Where is it?"

"Well, I think I left it at the cigar-shop; but any way"—

"Take your feet out from under that thing. It's just as I expected! Where are your rubbers?"

"They—well"—

"Where are your rubbers?"

"It's got so dry, now—well, everybody says there's not going to be another drop of"—

"Where—are—your—rubbers?"

"Well, you see—well, it was this way. First, the officer said"—

"What officer?"

"Police officer; but the Mayor, he"—

"What Mayor?"

"Mayor of Geneva; but I said"—

"Wait! What is the matter with you?"

"Who, me? Nothing. They both tried to persuade me to stay, and"—

"Stay where?"

"Well, the fact is"—

"Where have you been? What's kept you out till half past ten at night?"

"Oh, you see, after I lost my letter of credit, I"—

"You are beating round the bush a good deal. Now, answer the question in just one straightforward word. Where are those rubbers?"

"They—well, they're in the county jail."

I started a placating smile, but it petrified. The climate was unsuitable. Spending three or four hours in jail did not seem to the Expedition humorous. Neither did it to me, at bottom.

I had to explain the whole thing, and, of course, it came out then that we couldn't take the early train because that would leave my letter of credit in hock still. It did look as if we had all got to go to bed estranged and unhappy, but, by good luck, that was prevented. There happened to be mention of the trunks, and I was able to say I had attended to that feature.

"There, you are just as good and thoughtful and pains-taking and intelligent as you can be, and it's a shame to find so much fault with you, and there shan't be another word of it. You've done beautifully, admirably, and I'm sorry I ever said one ungrateful word to you."

This hit deeper than some of the other things, and made me uncomfortable, because I wasn't feeling as solid about that trunk errand as I wanted to. There seemed somehow to be a defect about it somewhere, though I couldn't put my finger on it, and didn't like to stir the matter just now, it being late, and, maybe, well enough to let well enough alone.

(To be continued.)



I shied my hat into the arena and followed it with a skip and a jump, shouting blithely—"Ha, ha! Here we all are, Mr. Merryman."

and wanted to get it because I was probably a person that would want anything he could get, whether it was valuable or not. But the Mayor said he saw nothing suspicious about me, and that I seemed a harmless person, and nothing the matter with me but a wandering mind, and not much of that. So I thanked him, and he set me free, and I went home in my three cabs.

As I was dog-tired and in no condition to answer questions with discretion, I thought I would not disturb the Expedition at that time of night, as there was a vacant room I knew of at the other end of the hall, but I did not quite arrive there, as a watch had been set, the Expedition being anxious about me. I was plugging in a galling situation. The Expedition sat stiff and forbidding on four chairs in a row, with shawls and things all on, satchels and guide-books in lap. They had been sitting like that for four hours, and the glass going down all the time. Yes, and they were waiting—waiting for me. It seemed to me that nothing but a sudden, happily contrived and brilliant *tour de force* could break this iron front and make a diversion in my favour; so I shied my hat into the arena and followed it with a skip and a jump, shouting blithely—

"Ha, ha! Here we all are, Mr. Merryman!"

Nothing could be deeper or stiller than the absence of applause which followed. But I kept on; there seemed no other way, though my confidence, poor enough before, had got a deadly check, and was in effect gone.

I tried to be jocular out of a heavy heart, I tried to touch the other hearts there, and soften the bitter resentment in those faces by throwing off bright and airy fun, and making of the whole ghastly thing a joyously humorous incident; but this idea was not well conceived. It was not the right atmosphere for it. I got not one smile; not one line in those offended faces relaxed; I thawed nothing of the winter that looked out of those frosty eyes. I started one more breezy poor effort, but the head of the Expedition cut into the centre of it and said—

"Where have you been?"

I didn't say anything.

"Why didn't you have the new cab come back for you?"

"Oh, that is what I did! I remember now. Yes, that is what I did. Because I recollect that when I"—

"Well, then, why didn't it come back for you?"

"To the post-office? Why, it did."

"Very well, then, how did you come to walk to the pension?"

"I—I don't quite remember how that happened. Oh, yes! I do remember now. I wrote the despatch to send to the Netherlands, and"—

"Oh, thank goodness, you did accomplish something! I wouldn't have had you fail to send—What makes you look like that? You are trying to avoid my eye. That despatch is the most important thing that—You haven't sent that despatch!"

"I haven't said I didn't send it."

"You don't need to. Oh, dear, I wouldn't have had that telegram fail for anything! Why didn't you send it?"

"Well, you see, with so many things to do and think of, I—they're very particular there, and after I had written the telegram"—

"Oh, never mind, let it go; explanations can't help the matter now! What will he think of us?"

"Oh, that's all right, that's all right; he'll think we gave the telegram to the hotel people, and that they"—

"Why, certainly! Why didn't you do that? There was no other rational way."

"Yes, I know; but then I had it on my mind that I must be sure and get to the bank and draw some money"—

"Well, you are entitled to some credit after all for thinking of that, and I don't wish to be too hard on you, though you must acknowledge yourself that you have cost us all a good deal of trouble, and some of it not necessary. How much did you draw?"

"Well, I—I had an idea that—that"—

"That what?"

## THE FUTILITY OF CRITICISM.

BY ANDREW LANG.

If the business of criticism were supposed to have anything really judicial in it, if it were believed to put works of literature in their proper places, one might despair of success. Examples of critical futility are staring at me from the pages of the *Illustrated London News* of Dec. 5. I am one of the awful examples; the other may be illustrated from Mr. Buchanan's essay on "Scott and Byron." First, as to my private misdeeds. "The Little Minister," by Mr. Barrie, was sent to me to be reviewed, and, for reasons neither here nor there, had to be reviewed and read in a hurry. An old professional hand says that you should never review a book on the day you read it. The maxim is worth remembering. I have read my notice of "The Little Minister," and it does not represent my mature impressions in the least degree. It deals with the momentary impression, which was non-essential, and was chiefly made by the plot. I could not believe in the plot—in the earl, in the gipsy, in the rescue, in a number of incidents. But, as days go by, these matters fade out of the mind, leaving the *charm* of the book, of its atmosphere, leaving the human heart in it, the variety of character and emotion. Necessarily, the work would be better if the plot were more plausible, if the incidents seemed *real*; but all that is comparatively accidental, is not of the essence.

However, these third thoughts are no proof that criticism is necessarily futile; as a judicial act, they only show that criticism should not be hurried. On the other hand, the dispute, if it can be called a dispute, about Scott and Byron, leads one more and more to the inference that criticism is only talk—more or less agreeable and readable—about our private tastes. Mr. Buchanan has not, I think, understood what I was trying to say about Byron. In the first place, I was not choosing his worst thing to prove, by its worst passages, that Byron was no poet. The "Siege of Corinth" was not chosen by me for its badness, but by Mr. Henley for its peculiar excellence as heroic verse. So chosen, it seemed to look but poorly in comparison with the best passages of Scott's "Flodden." Perhaps nobody will deny that the storming of Corinth is very inferior to the last rally round James IV. Reading the two pieces together, I was constrained to agree with Lockhart. "Scott," says Lockhart, "always appeared to me quite blind to the fact that in 'The Giaour,' in 'The Bride of Abydos,' in 'Parisina,' and, indeed, in all his early serious narratives, Byron owed at least half his success to clever, though perhaps unconscious, imitations of Scott, and no trivial share of the rest to the lavish use of materials which Scott never employed. . . . All this Lord Byron himself seems to have felt most completely—as witness the whole sequence of his letters and diaries." To have been blind to this fact was eminently worthy of Scott; not to have been blind to it was eminently worthy of Byron. Neither of these great men knew a moment's jealousy of the other. There was nothing serious in Byron's hits at Scott in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." But the passages in "The Siege of Corinth" do seem to me to confirm what Lockhart only advances as "the conjectures of a partial individual." He does not, it must be remembered, pretend to say what relative ranks posterity will assign to Scott and Byron.

We are posterity, and we have not made up our minds on the subject. It is not merely that Mr. Buchanan and I differ: we can only express the ideas of ordinary men of letters. But Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Swinburne, poets themselves, have differed as much, or even more, than Mr. Buchanan and I do about Byron. For, indeed, on this point we do not differ very much. If Byron not infrequently wrote very bad verses and very bad grammar, so did Scott, only too often. Ellis told him that he should have some pupil of his school to polish his "less inspired passages," and he needed that assistance, perhaps, as much as Byron did. As Andrea del Sarto, in Mr. Browning's poem, was minded to correct Raphael's drawing, so we could all correct Scott's grammar and Byron's grammar. We could all polish their worst verses. In the passage quoted by Mr. Buchanan on him who has "bent him o'er the dead" where is the construction? Where is the verb lurking? It is certainly a curious paradox that Scott's style is not good enough for a play by Mr. Buchanan: it is also an excellent example of what I mean. Both Scott and Byron were capable of writing execrably; Scott in prose as well as in verse. "I never learned grammar," Scott says in his journal, and the fact is only too obvious. Mr. Buchanan and I belong to a more educated generation; yet this should not make us haughty. But it does not follow that a man, be he Scott or be he Byron, is not a great poet because he is, at his hours, an extremely careless and hurried writer. Scott himself vowed that he never cared much for his own poetry. To my own taste, Scott's lyrics, for number and beauty, excel those of Byron very greatly. That is not Mr. Buchanan's opinion. However, I had no more intention of denying greatness to one poet than to the other. My problem rather was, How did Byron attain such an extraordinary vogue? How did he supplant Scott's "Flodden" by such things as his "Siege of Corinth"? Part of the explanation Byron gave himself. "The vulgar learned were tired of hearing 'Aristides called the Just,' and Scott the Best, and ostracised him" (Byron, 1821, vol. v., p. 72). Another element in his dazzling vogue was his personality, his adventures, his mystery. Mr. Buchanan writes as if only "love-sick ladies" were affected by those charms. All Europe was captured by them; they took Goethe prisoner. These things are familiar to everybody. It is not to be denied that Byron's personality contributed enormously to his vogue, that there was an *engouement* about him—an excess of admiration and curiosity, not due to his literary merits alone.

Well, the age which saw "that pale face" is gone. "The prints give no impression of him," Scott said to Principal Nicoll, of St. Andrews; "the lustre is there, Doctor, but it is not lighted up. Byron's countenance is a thing to dream of." The unearthly glow and fire of Byron's spirit, the beauty of his face, the fame of his adventures, I repeat, made it impossible for his age to judge his poetry calmly. A new age has come, and where is our judgment? I cannot much admire "Roll on thou dark-blue ocean"—not as Mr. Buchanan admires it, at least. I do not like the choice passages of a poet—those held up for special applause—to be disfigured by *unacoloutha*. If such things are written "at fever heat," give me a poet who composes in cold blood. I think worse blank verse than Byron's was never written. But I never dreamed of denying the name of a great poet to the author of "Don Juan," "The Vision of Judgment," parts of "Childe Harold," and several of the lyrics.

It would be a matter of no importance if I did raise a shrill pipe against Byron's greatness. He was great, with astonishing blemishes, with long lapses, and wonderful examples of the art of sinking. So was Scott, and my problem was—Why, when both were great and both were faulty, did Byron drive Scott into prose? I found the answer in Byron's personality and in the spite of "the vulgar learned." It is altogether another matter when Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Matthew Arnold differ, "as Heaven and Hell," about Byron's place among poets. Of the two, one might think that there is more of the Byronic in Mr. Swinburne than in Mr. Arnold. Then we see Mr. Arnold preferring Shelley's prose to his verse, his letters to his lyrics, and we ask, Where is criticism? What is truth?

In matters of art, as Aristotle said, there is no standard but the man of exquisite taste. Perhaps that long-sought hero, as rare as the wise man of the Stoics, that critic at once dignified and charming, is found in Mr. Robert Buchanan.

## THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

BY RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D.

The eighty-three contributors to the "Dictionary of National Biography" who, in body or in spirit, assembled the other day at Dr. Norman Moore's house to present a token of regard to their late commander and present comrade, Mr. Leslie Stephen, marked, in so doing, an era in the history of the greatest undertaking of its kind in the world. The honour of having produced the foremost dictionary—or rather dictionaries—of universal biography unquestionably belongs to France. England, under the auspices of the Useful Knowledge Society, once upon a time strove to rival her, but the erudition of the contributors and the ignorance of the public between them soon brought the enterprise to an end. In national biography on the dictionary system, however, France has done nothing worthy of note. "The Dictionary of American Biography," one of the most practical and



MR. LESLIE STEPHEN.

practically useful of all such compilations, does not affect a high literary standard. The meritorious effort of the Belgians challenges comparison with the English in the merit of its execution and the magnitude of its plan, but there is more plan than execution at present. The great German dictionary of the Bavarian Academy, on the other hand, has made rapid progress, but only at the cost of omitting minor names. The greater articles sustain comparison with the English, and sometimes even surpass their counterparts in fullness of treatment. But these are such names as might very well take care of themselves; while the less conspicuous, which harbour in dictionaries as decayed citizens in almshouses, will too often be sought in vain. Yet these are above all others the names for which such dictionaries should exist. We look to be told, not so much what we already knew, or could easily have ascertained, as what we could only find for ourselves at the cost of quite disproportionate effort. There is, moreover, no finality in the biographies of great and famous men; posterity in every successive generation will insist on recasting and reinterpreting them. But the biography of the lesser lights, once honestly done, is a possession for ever. England, then, may at present fairly claim precedence over the rest of the world in one of the most important developments of the biographical dictionary; and in this instance the honour is entirely her own. There are other departments in which it might probably be said with truth that her work is the fullest and the most practically useful, but here it is too largely adapted from foreign sources to pass as entirely original. This obviously cannot be the case with Mr. Stephen's enterprise, which is equally national in its subject, its authorship, and its materials.

It is much to be wished that the national character of this undertaking could be more strongly impressed upon the English public. There is never any want of sympathetic support when the object is to image forth a distinguished man in stone or bronze; but, valuable as such an effigy frequently is, what is it to a portrait gallery of the collective eminence of the nation? When the Dictionary shall have been completed, and its completion within six or seven years is a matter of certainty, this is what the English people will actually possess in it. Scarcely any man who has done anything to raise himself above the crowd will be missing from it: the record of national achievement, whether by brain or hand, will be all but exhaustive: English, Scotch, and Irish character will be legible there as nowhere else. It should certainly be the criterion of a good private library to possess it, and though it cannot be, like the Bible and Shakspeare, brought to the house of every Englishman, it

should at least be made accessible to all through the medium of public libraries, and, when these fail, through such public institutions as the vestry and the Board-school. There is quite enough private munificence in the country to render this perfectly feasible, if private munificence can be got to recognise that some books require to be circulated by exceptional agencies. The ordinary commercial machinery is in general perfectly adequate to this end; but the circumstances of a work which cannot be completed in less than fifty volumes, or published at less than fifteen or sixteen shillings a volume, and which, nevertheless, ought to be accessible to every person of British race, in the Colonies and the United States no less than at home, are manifestly exceptional. In most countries such an undertaking would have enjoyed a Government subvention, or at least such aid as the Academy of Munich affords to its German contemporary, or the University of Oxford to the no less important enterprise of the national dictionary of our language. In our country such direct assistance is thought needless, but only on condition that public spirit takes its place. We are not thinking of the commercial success of the Dictionary, which we may hope is assured by the monopoly which it must retain for an indefinite period. The problem is rather how to make it a possession for the many instead of the few, and this is one which cannot be solved by the ordinary processes of demand and supply. The Emperor Tacitus is applauded by history for having caused the great work of his ancestor to be placed in all the public libraries of the empire. Yet the history of Tacitus is a dismal picture of national debasement, while the "Dictionary of National Biography" is the almost unvarying record of the advance of a little nation to a great empire through triumphs by sea and land, and the victories of peace, not less renowned than those of war.

Tacitus the Emperor could not have done what our public-spirited citizens and municipal authorities may do, for, says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, generally identified with a most accomplished scholar, "nothing in any way resembling our modern biographical or historical dictionary was known to the Greeks and Romans, or even to the Middle Ages. The direct ancestor of the 'Biographical Dictionary,' and the earliest that has as yet been discovered, is a small volume compiled by Herman Torrentinus, and printed at Deventer at the end of the fifteenth century, under the title of 'Elucidarius Carminum et Historiarum.' It is a dictionary, alphabetically arranged, of the proper names of gods, illustrious men, provinces, islands, cities, and rivers, which are to be found in the poets." Forty editions attested the usefulness of this compilation, upon which the dictionary of Robert Estienne (1541) was based. Out of this grew the first real biographical dictionary, that of Charles Estienne (1553), a work which, though so defective according to the modern standard as to comprise its account of Petrarch within a single line, maintained its ground for a hundred and twenty years, when it was succeeded by Moreri's famous compilation, a work whose original worsted, the *Quarterly* reviewer informs us, became silk under the darnings of successive editors. The history of further development is a long one, and the curious may learn from the reviewer how Amurath succeeded Amurath, until for the present the apex of general dictionary-making seems attained in the two rival French dictionaries of Hoefer and Didot, comparable to the double-peaked Parnassus. It is to be wished that the same able pen would treat of the specialisation of general biography, and with due critical appreciation enumerate (unless innumerable) the special dictionaries of musicians and architects and French generals and English judges and lights of the Georgian era and seamen and racehorses and prize-fighters which have arisen to supply the needs of various sections of the community. It would then be seen what a large proportion of human literary activity, generally able and well directed, has been invested in this one department of lexicographical biography. One such work has been criticised by the reviewer, our "Dictionary of National Biography" itself. We have no doubt that his weighty, if severe, strictures have been well weighed by all concerned, and it must be acknowledged he is generally right. On two points only no concession seems possible: mere *nominum umbrae*, even of mediæval schoolmen, are not proper subjects for a dictionary of lives; and the Dictionary has already quite as much minute bibliography as will be endured by the general reader, whose support is, after all, the backbone of the undertaking. The able editor must study all interests, and continually repeat to himself, "*Le mieux est souvent l'ennemi du bien.*" It is in no small measure by adherence to this invaluable maxim that Mr. Stephen has achieved the hitherto unprecedented feat of bringing out a work of this class with the regularity of Fox's pension. The still greater service of the high literary standard which his own contributions have prescribed to his fellow-labourers will be appreciated by all readers of these masterly articles, so full in matter, so perfect in manner. Next to the proved editorial ability of his successor, there is no such guarantee for the future of the Dictionary as the assured continuance of his literary connection with it.

Fish-culture has been carried on most successfully in Canada this season. The Dominion Superintendent reports that at the salmon-hatchery on the Maramichi River nearly two millions of eggs have been laid down, while at the Fraser River hatchery, in British Columbia—a region whence Englishmen get so much tinned salmon—upwards of six millions of eggs have already been deposited in the breeding troughs. At the other hatcheries much success has attended the season's work.

Lady Aberdeen was by no means wholly given over to sight-seeing and holiday-making during her North American tour this autumn. She busied herself with arrangements for the representation of Irish native industries at the Chicago World's Fair, and she gave the encouragement of her presence and speech to the first annual meeting of the Lady Aberdeen Association of Western Canada—a body formed to brighten the lives of lonely prairie settlers by the dissemination of entertaining and useful literature. Lady Aberdeen used the opportunity well for the extolling of local patriotism.

Lord Salisbury had much to say a little time ago in the way of regret at the bitter commercial hostility growing up between foreign nations in Europe. The hostility has unhappily spread to our own colonies. Newfoundland has refused certain baiting privileges to Nova Scotian fishermen, though she grants them without any return to the fishermen of the United States. Canada has retaliated by imposing duties on Newfoundland fish entering Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland has replied by imposing heavier duties on imports from the Dominion. Thus two British colonies are in the midst of an angry tariff war—not an edifying spectacle in these days of longing for closer imperial unity.



ON REYNARD'S TRACK.

DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

## LITERATURE.

## "ANGLING SKETCHES."

BY SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS.

In the tasteful volume before us\*, Mr. Lang enters into friendly competition with a writer whose work, upon former occasions, he has warmly and generously appreciated. The late Mr. Thomas Tod Stoddart was a Borderer by ancestry and by adoption; Mr. Lang is one by birth; both writers are poets, both keen anglers. And here the resemblance ends. Tom Stoddart was in youth an excellent poet: the pictures of green fields and clear flowing waters brought before us by his Angling Songs are as fresh and as lively as the delicious early morning country-scenes of Izaak Walton himself. But the ruling passion for the rod and line, which kept pace with Stoddart's years, gradually ousted, or at least injured, the love of song—with him a secondary passion. He continued a grand old angler to the last, but the notes of his muse, after youth had fled, were few and hoarse. With Mr. Lang it is otherwise. He has carried the art of the ready writer to something very like perfection; while, on the other hand, notwithstanding a passion, ardent and inborn, for the gentle craft, he remains (if we may trust his own account) a "duffer" in its exercise. Some men, he tells us, are born duffers; "others, unlike persons of genius, become so by an infinite capacity for not taking pains." Others, again, combine both these elements of incompetence; and among these last he ranks himself. Nature, he would have us believe, has given him thumbs for fingers, a credulous happy-go-lucky preference for the most untrustworthy makeshifts in the shape of tackle, and a temper which ("usually sweet and angelic") is goaded to madness by the laws of matter and gravitation. Hence result all manner of trials, tantalisations, and disasters, of a kind too well known to all who have ever handled an angle—slips between cup and lip of the old sort, and of some new sorts as well, fish lost at the moment of landing, fish mislaid when caught, broken top-joints, broken gut-lines, lost flies. Well, there can be no question that all this makes infinitely pleasanter, infinitely more human and sympathetic, reading than the monotonous record of enormous takes of fish of such a writer as Stewart. Give us the musing, meditative angler, who loves the poetry, and is acquainted with the lore, of the district in which he fishes, for whom, as Mr. Lang says in another place—

The air is full of ballad notes  
Borne out of long ago—

the man who is able to see in a day's fishing a brief abstract of human life—give us this man, we say, and we will not grudge you, at least on paper, the angler who is "practical." In a word, there are angling-books which are written to instruct, and angling-books which are written to entertain, and this is a good example of the latter (and better) class.

One of the pleasantest chapters in what is decidedly a pleasant, if at times somewhat languid, book is that headed "A Border Boyhood." Pleasant alike to author and to reader are the memories of early fishing expeditions to Meggat, Ale, Tweed, and last, not least, to Ettrick, "where our ancestor was drowned in a flood," and where the drowned man's white horse was found next day, feeding near his dead body, on a little grassy island. Here and henceforward, by the way, the author seems scarcely to succeed in consistently sustaining that character of the "duffer" with which he started. He betrays that he is, at least, keenly observant of the habits of fish, and of the influence exercised upon them by weather, time, and season. Everywhere he laments the latter-day presence of the tourist, the depopulation of the streams and lochs. In both these respects he appears to us to exaggerate the actual extent of the evil. Without leaving his own Border-land, there are wildernesses within our ken where human life and habitation are certainly rarer to-day than they were a hundred years ago. It is true, no doubt, that the days are past when it was necessary to stipulate that an apprentice-lad on Tweedside should not be fed too exclusively on salmon; or when, as the old angler in Coquet declared, the yellow-fins swarmed so thick that if you stuck your gad into the stream it would of itself stand upright. But, for all that, there is still sport to be had in Border waters for which the devout angler may well find reason to be thankful. However, the author does not tarry in his own country. Among other places which we visit in his company are Loch Leven and Loch Awe. His account of Loch Leven fishing does not make us wish to essay it; but, while on Loch Awe, after three days of north wind and failure, Mr. Lang and his boatman took to exchanging legends, with a result which his readers will appreciate. One of the boatman's stories tells us how three shepherds, in a lonely sheiling, were in the habit of discoursing together of their sweethearts, and of wishing for their presence. One evening, to the surprise of the young men, the three girls entered the hut. They were made welcome; but one of the shepherds, who was playing the Jew's-harp, did not like the turn matters were taking. "The two others stole off into corners of the darkling hut with their lovers; but this prudent lad never took his lips off the Jew's-harp. 'Harping is good if no ill follows it,' said the semblance of his sweetheart; but he never answered. He played and thrummed, and out of one dark corner trickled red blood into the firelight, and out of another corner came a current of blood to meet it. Then he slowly rose—still harping—and backed his way to the door, and fled into the hills from these cruel airy shapes of false desire." This, according to Mr. Lang, is the boatman's version of Scott's theme in "Glenfinlas," and he adds that it is not easy to make out what these ghoully women were—"not fairies exactly, nor witches, nor vampires." "Angling Sketches" is liberally illustrated with scenes from the localities described.

\* *Angling Sketches*. By Andrew Lang. (Longmans.)

## MILTON'S COTTAGE.

BY WALTER BESANT.

Within an easy walk of a suburban railway-station stands a cottage which should be regarded and visited as, perhaps, the most sacred place in these islands twain. It is the cottage in the village of Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks, where Milton finished his "Paradise Lost" and began the "Paradise Regained." It was in the year 1665 that he took the house, retiring here in order to escape the Plague. He was then fifty-seven years of age, and already blind. The place was recommended to him by his friend Ellwood, the Quaker. There were many Quakers living in the neighbourhood, and, since Fleetwood, the regicide, owned the manor close by called The Vache, it was probably a place where freedom from authority was preached and practised. The village consists of a single street, lying about half a mile off the high road. It contains a fine old church with many interesting brasses, and a few old cottages. The last cottage at the south end of the village is Milton's. The drawing shows the village as it is, but quite unchanged from the seventeenth century. It is built in the old fashion: first, the stack of chimney in brick; then, built against the stack, the house of two rooms—timber and plaster—a survival of the old "wattle and daub"; after this, when the first house proved too small, an annexe of two more rooms, one above and one below. It is the lower room of the latter that is shown as the room in which Milton dictated to his daughters. Chairs, stools, table, fireplace, all are ancient, and may have been left just as we see them by the poet. The rooms are low; the windows are latticed; the roof is of warm red tiles. In front is a little old-fashioned garden: beyond the garden are meadows. It is the quietest house in the whole village. Here the blind poet could sit in the shade under a tree undisturbed the whole livelong day. No broad-wheeled wagons rolled and grumbled; no horsemen clattered noisily along the road; no carriers drove their long lines of pack-horses outside the cottage—all this belonged to the road half a mile away. In the garden the poet heard only the



Milton's Cottage at  
Chalfont St. Giles.

blacksmith's hammer on the anvil, the sharpening of the scythe, the striking of the hours from the church clock, the song of the lark, and the humming of the bees. They were a simple but sufficient accompaniment to the lofty verse that filled his soul.

Visitors write their names in a book kept for the purpose. There are not many who come here, but there are every year a few who love to go on pilgrimage to a shrine as holy as the little house of Stratford. The trains to Amersham run from Baker Street every hour. The nearest station is Chalfont, but the walk from Amersham along the leafy roads of Buckinghamshire will amply repay the traveller for a little fatigue. There is a very decent tavern in the village, where luncheon or tea can be obtained.

## NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS—SELECTED.

- "Mayfair and Belgravia: being an Historical Account of the Parish of St. George, Hanover Square, by George Clinch. (Truslove and Shirley, 143, Oxford Street.)
- "Siberia and the Exile System," by George Kennan. Two vols. (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.)
- "Jerusalem and the Holy City," by Mrs. Oliphant. (Macmillan.)
- "Cut with His Own Diamond." A Novel, by Paul Cushing. Three vols. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)
- "Animal Sketches," by C. Lloyd Morgan. Illustrated by W. Monkhouse Rowe. (Edward Arnold.)
- "Ten Centuries of Toilette." From the French of A. Robida, by Mrs. Cashel-Hoey. (Sampson Low and Co.)
- "A First Family of Tasajara," by Bret Harte. Two vols. (Macmillan.)
- "Nature in Books," by P. Anderson Graham. (Methuen and Co.)
- "Lowell's Poetical Works." With an Introduction by Thomas Hughes, Q.C. (Macmillan.)
- "Henrietta Ronner, the Painter of Cat Life and Cat Character," by M. H. Spielmann. (Cassell and Co.)
- "In Forest and Field: Pictures and Pages of Animal Life." (John F. Shaw and Co.)
- "Men of Iron," by Howard Pyle. (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.)
- "The Real Japan," by Henry Norman. (T. Fisher Unwin.)
- "Marie Antoinette at the Tuileries, 1789-91," by Hubert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. (Hutchinson and Co.)
- "Marie Antoinette and the Downfall of Royalty," by Hubert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. (Hutchinson and Co.)
- "How to Read Character in Faces, Features, and Forms; or, Outlines of Physiognomy," by Henry Frith. (Ward, Lock, and Bowden.)
- "The English Imperial Atlas of the World," by J. G. Bartholomew. (T. Nelson and Sons.)

## A MAGAZINE CAUSERIE.

"Some talk of Alexander, and some of"—I forget the ancient warrior's name, but looking through the magazines for December I seem to hear the "low-row" of the "British Grenadiers," though in a strangely minor key. For we have got into another cycle of lamentations over the condition of the Army. In the *Fortnightly*, it is true, an official apologist who calls himself "B" laughs the alarmists to scorn; but he is sternly reminded by Sir Charles Dilke that real military authorities are practically agreed about the hopeless inefficiency of the "thin red line," which is so attenuated, indeed, as to be almost invisible except upon paper. And Sir George Chesney, too, in the *Nineteenth Century*, pitches the same mournful note in a sort of muffled-drum article, which would make Englishmen very unhappy if they ever troubled themselves to think seriously about the condition of the national defences. But it is curious to find Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, of all men, fired with military ardour. He recites, in the *Contemporary*, the hair-breadth escapes which General Marbot has left in his doubtless veracious memoirs. What may this portend? Does Mr. Shaw-Lefevre aspire to be the Marbot of the War Office? And shall we depose Alexander from the old song, and "talk of Shaw-Lefevre" with "the tow and the row" of the Grenadiers' march?

The dose of politics this month is heavy, and it is not highly flavoured with any originality, except Mr. Champion's delightful suggestion in the *Nineteenth Century* that the Labour Party should insist on the shortening of Parliamentary speeches to four minutes and a half per man. If any member not representing the front bench on either side should talk for forty-five minutes at a stretch, Mr. Champion thinks he ought to be doomed to silence for the rest of the week. There is not much of the old force of "Verax" in Mr. Dunkley's review in the *Contemporary* of M. de Laveleye's work on democratic government; but Mr. George Russell, in the same periodical, has discovered that unique thing in letters, the pathetic conundrum. "What is the use of the Bishops in the House of Lords?" asks Mr. Russell, with the abruptness of a Tom Smith cracker and the solemnity of a village deacon. Lord Ribblesdale records in the *Nineteenth Century* a conversation he had with Mr. Parnell in a train, the chief significance of the incident being that Mr. Parnell never once looked at his interviewer. There is some deep political mystery here. Did the Irish leader take this precaution so as to be able to say

afterwards, if necessary, that he never saw Lord Ribblesdale in his life? Or is there something in his lordship's physiognomy which is too dazzling to the Celtic eye? At any rate, there is something in the German Jew—notably, the German Jew whose opinions to the English newspapers—which inspires several pages of acid distaste from Mr. Charles Lowe in the *Nineteenth Century*. In that review Dr. Jessopp deplores the prevailing ignorance of history. No medical student, he suggests, knows the difference between Thomas Cromwell and Oliver, because to cut off a man's toe with dexterity you need never have even heard of old Noll. I hope Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen will give a little of their spare time, when they are not bleeding anybody, to Mr. Froude's brief for Henry VIII. Anyway, it is satisfactory to know that Dr. Jessopp imparts as much useless knowledge as he can to dwellers in East Anglia. For the tyranny of useful knowledge, as he justly says, is becoming too grievous to be borne. A writer in the

*Fortnightly* points out that the whole charm of a University education is its uselessness. Greek is of no more practical value to a man than honour, as Falstaff showed, is to a broken leg; and unless we make a stand against the utilitarians the great god Pan will have lived in vain.

But the palm of the month is carried off by Mr. Traill, who explains in the *New Review* the impossibility of a literary drama. Some people weakly suppose that Shakspeare wrote both drama and literature. Mr. Traill admits that the Bard had "a capital eye for character," and that he knew a good story when he saw one; but that there was any real union between Shakspeare the poet and Shakspeare the dramatist Mr. Traill denies. I have an impression that one of the finest plays ever written is "Othello," that it is a masterpiece both of construction and character, that its personages talk the best literature in every scene, in perfect harmony with the laws of the stage, and that for the purposes of acting the scenes between Othello and Iago are unsurpassed. I recommend Mr. Traill to read this play at his leisure. He will find this a better occupation than that of describing "Macbeth" as dramatically absurd because a Scotch chieftain of the eleventh century would never have uttered a poetic apostrophe to sleep. Nor would he, for that matter, have talked blank verse, though this is just as irrelevant as Mr. Traill's objection. Professor Blackie's ballad in *Blackwood* commits the most unpardonable sin of which a ballad can be guilty. It halts dead in the middle of a line—a full stop between two Spanish towns—and, to be quite blunt, it is a forced and tedious performance. But Sir Edwin Arnold's Japanese idyll in the *Contemporary* is charming. A prettier legend told in daintier verse I do not remember. Mr. Andrew Lang, as usual, the pervading spirit of the periodicals. In the *Strand Magazine* there is a portrait of him at the age of five, holding a feather or an olive-branch—I am not sure which—but both are typical of his light touch and genial humour. In *Longman's* he deprecates titles for literary men, but insists that we should "Mister" every writer, alive or dead. Has he etiquette enough to talk of "Mr." Burns? There are neither "Misters" nor "Masters" in his paper on "Measure for Measure" in *Harper's*. I looked eagerly, by the way, for a valediction in *Harper's* from Mr. Howells, who will launch no more shafts from the Editor's Study, winged by the pinions of the American eagle. But Mr. Howells contents himself with some rather heavy irony about the morals of legislation in regard to literary property. In *Macmillan* there is a romantic story by a "Very Reverend Dean," which, no doubt, will flutter the young ladies in some cathedral circles; and in the *Strand* there is another of Mr. Conan Doyle's adventures of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. May I suggest that Mr. Doyle's gentleman who makes a handsome livelihood in the disguise of a beggar is not so original and entertaining as Thackeray's gentleman who turned crossing-sweeper?—L. F. A.

## THE PERSIAN CRISIS.

BY PRINCE MALCOM KHAN.

It is notorious that Persia has been one of the most agitated countries of Asia. Our history is torn by revolutions; but, after changing dynasties and trying all sorts of experiments,



PRINCE MALCOM KHAN,  
Late Persian Minister at the Court of  
St. James's.

the result has always been the same — no change for the better; no reformation; and why? Because the leaders of these revolutions and insurrections have never had a scientific programme to enable them to promulgate their new ideas. It has been everlasting change, without beneficial results. Now, for about two years we have had rumours of agitations throughout the provinces of Persia, and people in Europe seem to think that it is only the old story over again.

But the present movement is in reality quite different in its nature. It is a new thing in our history. It is very interesting, because it contains, perhaps, the seeds of a regeneration of Persia; indeed, we are convinced that this new movement will have the greatest effect, not only in Persia, but throughout the East. As the causes are quite unknown in Europe, I will try to explain them.

Some thirty years ago, when Persia and the Eastern peoples generally began to have more extensive relations with Europe, and communication became easier, our learned people in the East conceived a great desire to know why Eastern races were not able to assimilate the European civilisation. They believe they have found the reason and the remedy. As the reason had its source in a certain form of exclusive religion, so the remedy would have to be found in a modification of that religion. After much study and reflection and a frank exchange of ideas, they have succeeded in formulating what amounts to a new doctrine, which, however, agrees perfectly with the essence of pure Islamic religion, while it is in perfect harmony with European civilisation. With this doctrine they have begun a new propaganda everywhere, a work which has been hitherto ignored by Europe, though it begins to show some surprising fruits.

No progress, no undertaking, either commercial or political, can be realised in the East without the help of religion. Religion dominates us entirely. It colours the whole of our society; it even inspires our artistic world. Knowing this to be the *sine qua non* of the Eastern Question, our learned people sought to discover in religion the principle which had been the source of European progress. He who would rise in the scale of intellectual and moral being and become divine must keep the seven commandments of the new Koran.

The first commandment is this: "Thou shalt do no harm or violence to any man." This changes the whole system of our Asiatic morality. Our religion and our laws have been upheld and spread by bloodshed and torture, our Government has been carried on by robbery and spoliation.

The second commandment is: "Thou shalt do good to all men." That also shifts the whole basis of Asiatic morality.

The third commandment is: "Thou shalt not aid or abet what is unjust."

The fourth commandment teaches the duty of active intervention against wrong-doing, instead of the passive indifference which is supposed to characterise the Oriental.

The fifth commandment is: "Thou shalt not live unto thyself, and by thyself, and for thyself, but by and for and with thy fellow-men."

"Thou shalt seek truth" is the sixth commandment; and the seventh is that the spiritual son of Islam "shall teach others to tread the seven-fold path."

But we must have law. We must reform our Government. We must assimilate science with religion. We shall then progress nationally, and progress will be the glory of Islam. Under the power of the new Koran a great and beneficial change will come over the whole of our political, religious, and social life. For instance, we shall purify the family. Our polygamy has been a source of the greatest wrong and untold confusion. We are about to reform that evil condition. We shall declare, in the name of the new Islam, that polygamy is not a necessity of our religion. The position of women will be elevated, and the reform of the family must necessarily lead to the reform of society generally. The Shah has been very favourable from the beginning to these ideas, but now he is tired. He has abandoned the high functions of government into the hands of some very young and foolish people, who are more absolute than any Sovereign in Europe. They have imprisoned, even tortured, many of our most distinguished people and exiled many more. Some of our Ambassadors have been disgraced; others, like myself, have prayed to be relieved of their diplomatic duties.

Now the cry in Persia is, "Why does not England help us?" Why does not your Minister at Teheran intervene? It was at this diplomatist's instance that the Shah issued the firman by which he guarantees security of life and property to his subjects. For the first time in history, the Mussulman people are resolved seriously to bring themselves into harmony with European civilisation, and they look to England for practical sympathy. Our women in Persia, who are more highly gifted, as a rule, than our men, appeal to you for personal liberty and private honour. The best advocate of their cause, the Sheikh Djemaledin, is now in England. He is the Luther of the new Reformation, and I trust that he will persuade the English people to move their Government in our favour, and help us to establish in Persia the reign of law, which alone can regenerate our institutions.

## THE JEW AT HOME.

BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

## III.—IN RUSSIA.

From Brody I went to Kieff, and the minute I crossed the Russian frontier I encountered the Russian Jew. He is only the same Polish Jew, who here instead of being an Austrian is a Russian subject. But he is altogether different in costume and in many other respects. His ringlets are gone, and so are his top-hat and furry turban. He still keeps his hands buried in his sleeves, whether hanging at his side or crossed on his stomach, and the caftan still remains, though it is in no way remarkable in Russia, where everybody, in winter at least, has on a coat down to his heels. He looks about as miserable as in Austria, from the same causes I have noted, but he is not so conspicuous, since he wears the same big cap, drawn down to his ears, and the same high boots and gum shoes as the Russian. To say that in this part of Russia he looks more wretched than the Jew across the border is to confess that one knows little about him.

It was on my way up to Kieff that I was afforded, I am afraid not knowingly, by the Russian Government an example of how they really do treat him. It is only necessary to see a Russian eviction once to make you for the time being throw aside all your reason for sentiment. The train I was in drew up at a station about two in the morning, and stopped there for its usual half-hour. It was so dark where I was, for the train was enormously long and my car near the head of it, that I could not make out the name of the place. The three bells were rung, and the other complicated signals gone through, and then I suddenly noticed that the engine, and not the train, went off. At the same time I heard just under my window a scuffling and some women crying. I thought it might be worth while to look out. I went to the door of the car. On the platform, right in front of me, I could just see a huddled-up group of people a few yards

to have moved ten times their number was the worst instance of childishness and brutality that I have ever witnessed. Where the Jews went I do not know. When I again awoke in the morning and looked out, the van had disappeared, and about ten o'clock I got to Kieff.

Kieff is chiefly notable, so far as the Jews go, for its un-Jewish character. For, while the Jews monopolise some of the few trades of the town which they are still allowed to pursue, they do not monopolise one's attention, as in almost all the other places to which I went. Nothing could be more absurd than the action of the Kieff authorities in turning out all the Jew musicians from the theatres; still more serious was



BRODY: THE STREET IS NOTHING MORE THAN AN OPEN SEWER.

their prohibiting all Jews from being carters and cooks. And yet, although these steps have been taken recently, not only do you now find the entire fur and clothing business in their hands, not only do you see them in the markets in the lower parts of the town selling the cheapest and worst possible stuffs and shani goods to the peasants at the highest possible prices, but they seem as perfectly happy and contented as in Austria, showing no dread of future expulsion or loss of present business.

It is quite true that they can live only in two quarters of the town (and even there, it is said, only on suffrage), one of

which has been appropriated by the richer class of Jews, the other by the poorer; but certainly none of them, rich or poor, in their shops or in their houses, look as if they thought their life in Russia was hanging by a single thread. As I saw the Polish Jew in Kieff, in Berdicheff, and on the Russian frontier, he was no poorer, no more miserable, no dirtier, no more a subject of deserving pity than the Polish Jew in Austria or Hungary. To compare Kieff with an Austrian town like Lemberg is to learn how slight is the difference in their condition in the country where they are free men. If in Kieff the poorer Jews are compelled to live in a certain part of the town, in Lemberg they do so now from choice. In both their quarters are near the great city markets, in both they are dealers in all sorts of small wares for the peasants, in both they have a monopoly in old clothes, and in both they are for ever squabbling, bargaining, haggling together and with the peasants. In some respects

they are better off in Russia. For the poorer Jewish quarter of Kieff is comparatively clean, the sanitary regulations strictly enforced, and the streets as well attended to as in any other part of the town. In Lemberg, though the rest of the city was marvellously clean, and though it was snowing when I got there, the streets were being swept everywhere except in the filthy Jewish quarter. Lemberg contains street after street of imposing new apartment-houses, with shops on the ground floor, very pretentious, like all of Austro-Hungary; those in which the natives live are clean, but those taken possession of by the Jews are unspeakably dirty—



THE SYNAGOGUE, BRODY.

ahead. I walked towards them: there were two old Jews, a couple of younger men, two or three women, and some children. They were accompanied by four soldiers in little black caps and huge overcoats, with immense swords, which they held drawn in their hands. There was a sergeant or corporal with them. The engine and the luggage-van came slowly back, having picked up a car which, as there was a light inside, I could see had grated windows. It stopped; two of the Cossacks — one knows what a Cossack is a few hours after one has been in this part of Russia — seized one of the oldest Jews, who was literally doubled up under a great bag, and shoved him towards the car. He stumbled, and a few miserable old rags, some tin pots and broken bread, rolled on the platform and on the track, but he was half thrown, half dragged, out of sight; the rest were pushed in after him as roughly as a man who had only one hand to use, while he held his sword in the other, could do it; a porter was called by the sergeant to pick up what he could find in a minute or two of the old Jew's possessions, and the train moved off. A couple of the Cossacks were laughing on the platform, the porters said not a word, and there was not another man about to see this, I suppose, trivial example of Russian authority. The putting of half-a-dozen people into the train by sufficient force



THE MARKET, BRODY.

dirtier than anything I saw in Russia. It might be thought from this that the authorities of Lemberg did not care what became of the Jews, were not the same dirt and filth found in the Jewish quarter of every Austrian town.

Much sentiment has been wasted over the poverty-stricken appearance of the Russian Jew, his consumptive, hollow-chested look, and his shambling walk. But if the most cheerful and best-fed man in Europe will turn up his coat collar at the back, cross his hands on the pit of his stomach, and bury them in his sleeves, look out of the corners of his eyes, and well project his under lip, he could make himself into the most beautiful example of a distressed Russian Jew you could want: even an Adonis or a Hercules would be at once reduced to an object of pity and charity.

The Jew naturally is not physically weaker than the peasant. As a soldier, when he is made to stand up straight, he is as fine a man as any other Russian, with the exception that he cannot march as well, but becomes quickly foot-sore. This is because he never takes any exercise; he never walks, he never carries any burdens—in fact, he never uses his hands or his legs if he can help it. In Hungary, when the Jew is too poor or unable to get a peasant to drive him in his cart, he can still load a gipsy with all his traps, or, as a last resource, his wife becomes his beast of burden. If his hair and beard were decently cut and trimmed, the look of ill-health would quickly disappear from his face. The real wonder is that the filth with which he surrounds himself does not undermine his constitution for ever. That he lives long enough is proved by the large number of old grey-headed Polish Jews one sees in every Jewish town.

The hatred which the Russians and everybody else you meet in Kieff have for the Jew is intense. They even go so far in their prejudice as to tell you that his being forcibly—often cruelly—expelled is his own fault; that when he is told to go, he refuses to get his passport or sell his goods; that, consequently, when he is actually turned out, he has no passport, no money, and cannot go. The Government, therefore, sends him to the frontier; but when he arrives there, and cannot cross it because he is without the necessary passport, he is probably dispatched to prison, where he stays until they are tired of keeping him. As far as I can see, the only difference in this matter between a Jew and a Christian is that the Christian would make a still stronger resistance, a harder fight for his rights. Nevertheless, it is on such arguments that the Russians base the defence of their treatment of the Jews. On the other hand, no one who has seen the Jew in Russia can wonder that they want to get rid of a creature who is so clannish and so dirty, who is so entirely bent on making a little money simply for himself, whose shops in the large and commercial towns are always the meanest—in a word, whose every action is calculated to foster and keep alive that hatred or race-prejudice which has existed against him ever since he first turned up in Egypt. He has schools for his children in these Russian towns; but apparently it is chiefly that they may learn Hebrew, a language which the rest of the people cannot understand, the knowledge of which marks them more than ever as a race apart.

Little as I saw of Russia, I was fortunate enough to go to both a great Jewish and a great Christian centre. To Kieff the peasant pilgrims come to-day, inspired by a religious fervour which I do not believe was ever surpassed in the Middle Ages, while the barbaric splendour and magnificence of the churches would impress the least impressionable. Berdicheff, too, is a great pilgrimage place for the Jew. There the pilgrims crowd, not from any love of religion, but eager to barter and to buy. Kieff is filled with beauty, Berdicheff with misery. In this great city of one hundred thousand people, ninety thousand of whom are Jews, there are only two buildings which are worthy of the least attention—the Roman Catholic and the Russian churches. The rest of the town is completely given over to the great bazaars in which the big fairs are held. The churches even struggle with the Jewish shops, which have burrowed underneath them and have been carried up to the very doors. Among almost every people, except these Jews, the business man has a pride in his shop, a pride which, though it may only express itself



THE RUSSIAN JEW.

in an attempt to be more gaudy and pretentious than his rival or his neighbour, is at least healthy. But the Jew is without all such feeling. In a huge trading centre like Berdicheff, where the largest Jewish fair in the world, I believe, is held, a cellar, a garret, or a shed is quite good enough for the Jew merchant or dealer. Nor can it be argued that he does not build shops because he is afraid of being turned out, since he manages his business in exactly the same way wherever he goes—in Brody and Máramaros Sziget as in Berdicheff. He shows an absolute unwillingness to do anything to benefit the town to which he belongs, or the people among whom he lives. In the country it is much the same as in the town. If the Hungarian does not want him to have land, it is because the Jew's only object in getting it is not to make it his own, not to improve it, but to farm it out, to play the middleman. He does not work it himself, and this is opposed to all Hungarian ideas, to the very principles for which they fought in the great revolution of '48.

The Polish Jew to-day may be what centuries of persecution and oppression have made him. Christians may really

be responsible for the characteristics which render him most repulsive in Christian eyes; a fact to be regretted, just as the degeneration of any race by force of circumstances—by change of climate or geological conditions—is to be deplored. But the work of long years cannot be undone in a day, and to civilise the Polish Jew according to our standard is about as difficult a task as to civilise the Red Indian. Habits of old thrust upon him have at last become instinctive. In Russia and Austro-Hungary he has outgrown the character supposed to be typically Jewish. He may be a trifle keener and cleverer than the Russian peasant, who is, perhaps, the dullest creature

God ever made; but that is the whole extent of his cleverness. A poor Jew in the West was once thought a physical and moral impossibility: in a country like mediæval England, despite persecution more relentless and cruel than that to which he is now subjected in Russia, he thrived and prospered and was always rich. The average Polish Jew in Russia not only is wretchedly poor, but he seems reconciled to his poverty. What the personal morals of the Jew, whose chastity is his great boast, may be in these countries, I have no means of judging, but I know that if he thinks he can increase his own gains by pandering to the immorality of others he is quite ready to do so. In small Austrian towns of five or six hundred inhabitants, I have had overtures made to me by Jews in curls and caftan which hitherto I had never heard even suggested, save in the large cities of Western Europe. Nor is he in other ways more virtuous and orderly than his Christian fellow-citizen, much as his superior virtue is vaunted. I have already referred to the statement of the authorities of Máramaros Sziget, that by far the greater number of thieves in their prisons were Jews. In Vienna, the only place where I found a special policeman on duty—except, of course, the mounted police, who direct the traffic in the larger thoroughfares—was in front of a drinking-house, used as an old-clothes exchange, in the Judengasse, and he scarcely would have been there without good reason.

It should also be remembered by those who are spending their sentiment and cash on the Russian Jews that in a large part of Little Russia they are not Jews at all—that is, by race, but descendants not of Semites from Judea, but of that Tartar tribe who were converted to Judaism centuries ago, at the time when it seemed likely that the whole of southern Russia would become a Jewish empire. And a great pity it did not, for then the Russian Jews would have kept to their own home, and not come wandering westward to add to the already over-numerous social and industrial problems of England and America.

(To be continued.)



THE JEWISH CEMETERY, BRODY.



THE MORNING DEW: WATERING THE MAHARAJAH'S GARDEN IN MYSORE.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

I have not seen it mentioned that Princess May, like her mother, takes a warm interest in religious and philanthropic work. Mr. George Holland, the veteran missionary in the East End, and so long the close friend of Lord Shaftesbury, has shown me books presented to him by the Princess from her own library, with inscriptions from her own hand. From these it would appear that both the Duchess of Teck and her daughter adhere to the Evangelical school.

There is an amusing story of the Duchess of Teck opening a bazaar in aid of a Presbyterian chapel. She was accompanied by Princess May. The gentleman chosen to propose a vote of thanks paid a tribute to the liberality of the Duchess's views, and, alluding to the presence of the Princess, unluckily said that it was clear the daughter was to be as "expansive" as her mother. No one enjoyed the slip more than the good-natured Duchess.

Bishop Ellicott's action in accepting the vestments and the presence of Nonconformists on a recent occasion have been more plainly than pleasantly discussed in Bristol; but the new Dean, Dr. Pigou, has made it clear that a new order of things is to begin in the city.

The Rev. John McNeill, the popular preacher in Regent Square Church, London, has resigned his charge, and proposes to undertake a year's evangelistic work in Scotland, where he draws much greater crowds than any preacher since Dr. Guthrie. Afterwards it is probable Mr. McNeill will have a "tabernacle" built in Edinburgh or Glasgow, of which he will become the minister.

It is not often that the Liberation Society and the *Church Times* join hands, but both agree in opposing the Birmingham Bishopric Bill. The Bill proposes to unite the benefices of St. Martin and St. Philip, and to devote a large part of the resulting income to the purposes of the bishopric. It is contended that this is grossly unfair, that the surplus income should be devoted to the district churches, and that Birmingham must be more liberal and itself provide the necessary funds.

Bishop Ellicott has taken a hint from Bishop Westcott, and called his new book "Christus Comprobator," an obvious reminiscence of "Christus Consummator." The work is designed to exhibit the testimony of Christ to the Old Testament, and will be published by the S.P.C.K.

Monte Carlo is to have its English chapel after all, or, rather, I should say, the building is to be consecrated. This should have been done long ago. Everyone who has been at Monte Carlo knows that thousands of people visit the lovely spot without so much as entering the gambling-house, and the gamblers surely need to be preached to as much as other people.

It is rather astonishing that the Bishop of Liverpool should have refused to allow Mr. Clarke Aspinall, the city coroner, to deliver a series of Advent addresses in St. Jude's. This is decidedly contrary to the general and growing sentiment. The feeling on the subject has been accentuated by Mr. Aspinall's unexpected death.

A legacy of £10,000, free of duty, has been bequeathed to the Bishop of London's Fund, under the will of the late Rev. John Back, formerly rector of St. George-the-Martyr, Holborn.

I note with great regret the death of Professor Kuenen of Leyden, the greatest of all Hebrew scholars, and one of the noblest, simplest, and most lovable of men. Professor Kuenen stood far above all other Continental scholars I have met in his perfect mastery of the English language. One would never have guessed he was a foreigner.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

G D M (Balliol College).—The games should be examined, and, if of insufficient interest, dealt with as you desire. Thanks.

J H G (Palace Gate).—We have credited you with the correct solution of Nos. 2483 and 2484. Only the key-move need be given, but it is usually better to send one of the main variations, to show the problem has been mastered.

W H HIGGINS (Blackpool).—We are extremely sorry to receive your intimation. The Rev. Mr. Willis was an old and much esteemed correspondent.

W F S (Madras).—We are glad to afford you such pleasure.

W RICHY (Westbourne Park).—Your name has been missed, and we much regret to hear the cause of your silence. How do you solve No. 2485 if Black play 1. P to K B 7th?

L DESANGES (Rome).—1. Q to Kt 5th (ch), R or Kt takes Q, P takes Kt or R; 3. B mates.

S W CASSERLEY.—1. Q to K sq is another solution besides your own.

F H R (Spalding).—Send along the problem by all means.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2478 received from W F Slipper (Madras); of No. 2481 from Adolf Michaelis (New York); of No. 2484 from An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.); of No. 2486 from W H H (Blackpool), Sociedad Bilbaina (Bilbao), H B Hurford, J H G (Palace Gate), and Charles Burnett (Biggleswade).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2487 received from F H R (Spalding), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), Admiral Brandreth, Monty, Blue (Bristol), T Roberts, Martin F. T. G. Ware, Dame John, J. Coast, H S Brandreth (Walford), W R Railton, Mrs. Kelly of Kelly, W Wright, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), E E H, H B Hurford, M Burke, G Joyce, J Dixon, Colchester, R Worters (Canterbury), J Hall, Dawn, J L Green (Preston), Fr Fernando (Dublin), B D Knox, D McCoy (Galway), Shadforth, Julia Short (Exeter), Sorrento (Dawlish), J D Tucker (Leeds), R H Brooks, Alpha, L Desanges (Naples), J D Boden (Bradford), E Louden, J F Moon, F H Briggs, and W H H (Blackpool).

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2485.—By REGINALD KELLY.

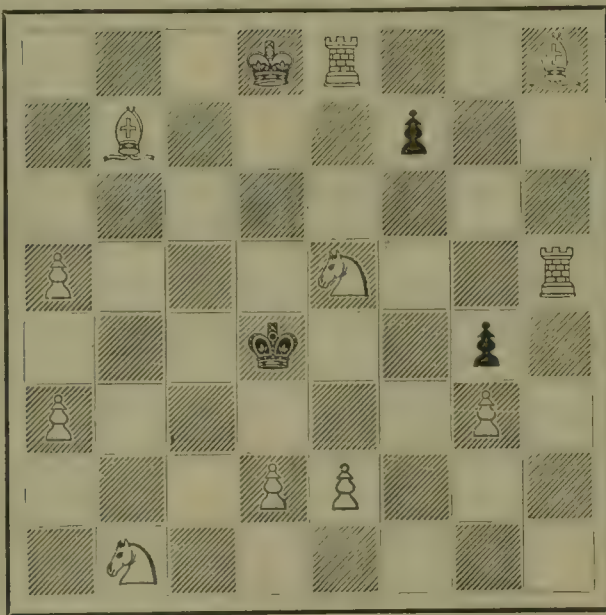
WHITE.  
1. B to R 6th  
2. Q takes P (ch)  
3. P to Kt 6th, dis ch and mate.  
If Black play 1. P to B 7th, mate cannot be given in two more moves.

BLACK.  
K to B 5th  
K takes Q

## PROBLEM No. 2489.

By Mrs. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.



WHITE.  
White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played in the Championship Tourney between Messrs. WARD-HIGGS and HERBERT JACOBS.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. W.-H.) BLACK (Mr. J.)

1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. P to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd  
3. B to Q Kt 5th Kt to B 3rd  
4. P to Q 3rd Kt to K 2nd

22. B takes Kt  
23. Q to Q 3rd  
24. B to R 6th  
25. Q R to K sq

26. B to K 3rd  
27. B to Kt sq

28. R to Q sq  
29. R to Q 2nd  
30. K R to Q sq  
31. R to Q B 2nd  
32. R to B 6th  
33. P takes R  
34. P to Q Kt 4th

35. R to K sq  
36. K to B sq

37. R to B sq  
38. B to Q 2nd  
39. P to B 3rd  
40. K to B 2nd  
41. P to Kt 3rd  
42. K to B sq

43. K to Kt sq  
44. K to R sq  
45. K to R sq

White resigns.

## CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

Game played between Mr. GALLOWAY and "DELTA."

(King's Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE ("Delta"). BLACK (Mr. G.)

1. P to K 4th P to K 4th  
2. P to K B 4th P takes P  
3. B to B 4th P to Q 4th  
4. B takes P Q to R 5th (ch)  
5. K to B sq P to Kt 4th  
6. Kt to K B 3rd Q to R 4th  
7. P to K R 4th P to K R 3rd  
8. K to Kt sq P to Kt 5th

9. Kt to K sq B to K 2nd  
10. P to Q 4th Kt to K 2nd  
11. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K 3rd

12. Kt to K 2nd P to Q B 3rd  
13. B to Kt 3rd Kt to Q 2nd  
14. B takes P Kt to B 3rd

15. P to K 5th Kt to Q 4th

16. Kt to Kt 3rd, and wins

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I do not suppose that there are many mothers who chance to see the pages of the *British Medical Journal*, which, as all the world knows, is a professional organ of the highest respectability and fame. Yet they might prove interested if they happened to read pages 1226 and 1227 of that periodical, included in its issue of Dec. 5. Therein Dr. Louis Robinson, who is deputy medical officer of the Lewisham Workhouse Infirmary, gives some interesting details regarding "Darwinism in the Nursery," by way of supplementing his observations on that topic contained in the *Nineteenth Century* for November last. Dr. Robinson's remarks in the medical journal are headed "Infantile Atavism," which is merely the scientific way of speaking of the reversions or throw-backs of infant life to a former state of things. His specialty is the demonstration of the power of grip possessed by very young children, and his observations, together with the two illustrations which accompany his paper, are certain to prove most interesting to the scientific mind. How mothers will take Dr. Robinson's observations, however, is quite another thing, and I can imagine the remarks in the way of "Poor darlings!" and the like with which the maternal mind will receive the illustrations of babies hanging on like monkeys to a stick. But the topic should be a most fascinating one even for a mother, and the observation of a baby's muscular powers may present a field attractive enough even to interest parents who may not lay claim to any scientific pretensions whatever.

For, of course, the standpoint of Dr. Robinson and other evolutionists is briefly this—that our human peculiarities and the special functions that mark off the man from the lower animal begin to show themselves not exclusively at birth, but later on in our history; in other words, the nearer birth we go, the greater is the likeness in us to lower life. For instance, it is remarkable enough, but not scientifically surprising, that there is a very close likeness between the baby-orang and the baby-man. In a very short period, however, the latter shows its human characteristics in increasing force, while away goes the ape-baby on its own and lower pathway of development to show its elongating face-bones and its other marks of its simian kinship. Now, all this is a matter of fact, and not of theory. Science is only describing what it sees, and the baby is not one whit the less human because, to begin with, it shows many alliances with that wondrous lower life that approaches so closely to our own. "My baby isn't a monkey," every mother will say. To which I should reply, most politely and sincerely, I trust: "Quite true; but it will be curious and noteworthy for you, my dear Madam, as an educated and thinking woman, to observe in how many ways and traits the likeness to our poor relations is illustrated in baby-life. You may, of course, entertain any theory which pleases you why muscles, bones, brain, and other parts in man come to show the vestiges of parts better developed in lower life. Science will not compel you to adopt any special views of the big fact that humanity has no type of body, no build of frame peculiar to it, and that our bodies are built up on precisely the same broad plan we see in every fish, frog, reptile, bird, and quadruped. All that it asks you to do is to note and to observe with unprejudiced mind."

Dr. Robinson was struck with the relatively enormous power of grip which babies possess, a point we have all noticed when the little chubby fingers have seized our own, and, with the universal instinct of nutrition which rules baby-life, have attempted to draw our digits towards the baby-mouth. In our babies, the muscles of the shoulder, arm, and fore-arm are highly developed, which Dr. Robinson suggests actually parallels—he would go further than this, of course—the power of the young ape in holding on to its mother or to its tree. A strong baby under a month old, and, indeed, at a very much younger age, Dr. Robinson finds, can hang on to a support for over two and a half minutes, and sustain its whole weight for that time easily enough. He says the measure of strength in the new-born child's arms almost proportionately equals "that of a strong adult man." This is startling enough surely, but if it is, as Dr. Robinson suggests, a relic of the power of holding on to the parent, which is the ark of safety for the infant ape, its nature may not, scientifically at least, be regarded as doubtful or perplexing. The muscles (*flexors*) which bend the fingers and hand are also very fully developed in the human baby, and every mother has noticed, of course, the extreme flexibility of the big toes in her infant. This, again, is doubtless (according to science) a vestige of the opposable big toe in the ape kind, which converts the foot into a hand-like organ.

Even the posture of the very young child during sleep has not escaped Dr. Robinson's acute observation. The thighs, as we know, are commonly bent or flexed, this position constituting an apparently natural one. All the children over six months and under two years old in the workhouse nursery were examined by Dr. Robinson on several occasions. The children were put to bed naked, so that they might adopt and choose of their own sweet will the easiest position and that most natural to them, unrestrained by clothing. In nearly every case it was discovered that they slept in the prone position, with the head turned cheek downwards on the pillow ("like so many kittens," says Dr. Robinson), or else with the body half prone: the limbs, with the usual exception of an arm beneath the head (a habit persisting in adult life, of course), being flexed or bent beneath them. Dr. Robinson hints that this bent or flexed habit of limb in sleep dates from a far-back period in our ancestry. He noted that the late lamented "Sally" at the Zoo and young oranges and gorillas slept in the same attitude. Negroes, we are reminded, lay their infants to sleep in the prone position, and our investigator gives a hint to mothers and nurses when he adds that he has no doubt "many a restless night is the result of our civilised method of swathing babies in clothes until they are helpless bundles and planting them on their backs in their cradles. They protest at the unnatural attitude, and are dandled and fed, hushed with lullabies, and again committed to nightmare on their backs."

There is one last point in this interesting discussion which gives the clue, if such be needed, to the scientific position. It is that among the very young of all animals and plants that we expect to meet with the plainest evidence of the past history of their races. If people only knew the rich field of observation which science offers to them (even as readers of what has already been discovered and written on the subject) in respect of the history of the past, they would not disdain to dip more frequently than they do into the records of what life has been. There is no degradation for humanity in this thought; for, whatever we may have sprung from, nothing can alter the fact that we are human beings, as Mr. Leslie Stephen remarks, with all our responsibilities, privileges, ideas, and ideals. So that, even if we may see in an infant traces and vestiges of powers now best seen in lower life, the child is "father of the man," in the truest sense; or, as the famous authority said of Poor Jo, the infant is still "a human boy!"

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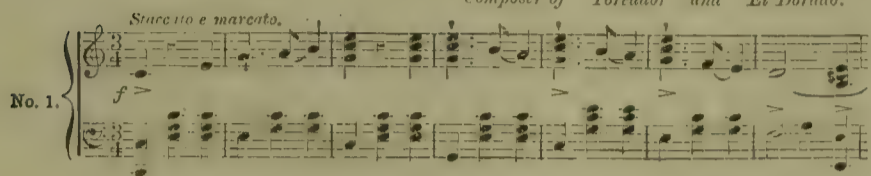
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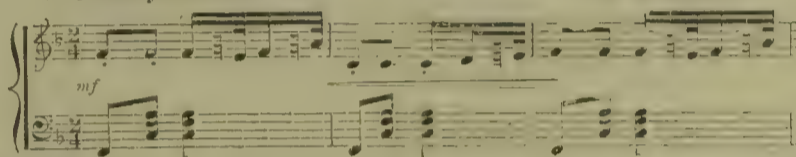
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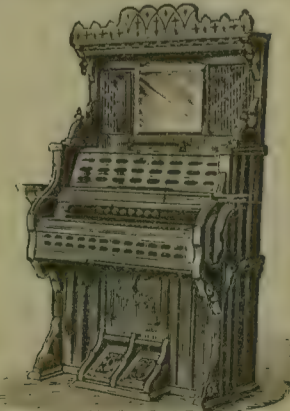
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Aug. 2, 1890), with two codicils (dated Jan. 6 and June 17, 1891), of Mr. William Morgan Benett, formerly a Master of the High Court of Justice, of 2, Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, and Fritham, in the New Forest, and late of St. Andrew's, Lyme Regis, Dorsetshire, who died on Oct. 25, was proved on Dec. 4 by James Henry Allen and Arthur Knatchbull Connell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £55,000. The testator bequeaths £4000 Two-and-Three-Quarter per Cent. Consolidated Stock, upon trust, for his daughter Sarah Benett; £2500 to his daughter Mrs. Margaret Waring Connell; £1000 to his daughter Mrs. Sarah Barbara Allen; an annuity, during the life of his wife, of £200 to his son Newton Benett; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for the benefit of his wife, for life, and any surplus income is to be divided between his said children, Sarah Barbara, Margaret Waring, Sarah, and Newton. At his wife's death he gives all his freehold property at Lyme Regis or elsewhere and £5000 to his son William Charles; £2500 and one fourth of the ultimate residue, upon trust, for his son Newton; and one fourth of such residue, upon trust, for each of his said daughters, Sarah, Sarah Barbara, and Margaret Waring.

The will (dated Nov. 25, 1890) of Mr. John Hardy, late of 125, New Bond Street, woollen merchant, and of 12, Linden Gardens, Bayswater, who died on Oct. 19, was proved on Dec. 3 by Ernest Meredith Hardy, the son, Joseph Weedon Previté, and William Henry Laverton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £42,000. The testator bequeaths one fourth of the proceeds of the sale of his furniture and effects, and one fourth of the residue of his real and personal estate, to the trustees of the settlement of his late daughter, Clara Howett. He directs his executors to pay £6000, according to his covenant in the settlement made by him on his daughter Emily Hancock; and he gives one twentieth of the residue of his property to each of his granddaughters, Ada Phillis Roberts, Emily Gertrude Day, and Maria Parr Hancock; and the ultimate residue to his said son, Ernest Meredith.

The will (dated Oct. 17, 1879) of Mrs. Sarah Dew, late of 43, Pentonville Road, who died on Oct. 30, was proved on Nov. 30 by Frank Westaway Force, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £41,000. The testatrix leaves her household furniture and effects to her daughter, Mrs. Sarah Pratt Force; £10,000 Three per Cent. annuities, upon trust, for her grandchildren, Edith Force, Bernard Force, and Ethel Maud Sarah Force; and the residue of her property, upon trust, for her said daughter, for life, and then for her children.

The will (dated July 3, 1889), with a codicil (dated Nov. 22, 1890), of Mr. Robert Davies Pryce, Lord Lieutenant of Merionethshire, and J.P. and D.L., Montgomeryshire, late of Cyfrnydd, Montgomeryshire, who died on Aug. 21 at Aberystwith, was proved on Dec. 7 by Benjamin Ellis Morgan and Clement Swetenham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £40,000. The testator gives £500 to his wife; his plate to his wife, for life, and then to his son Athelstan Robert; the furniture and effects at his residence, and all the movable machinery, live and dead stock, plant, and unsold stock of slates and slabs at Aberllefenny to his said son; and the residue of his personal estate and all his real estate of every tenure in America to his three younger

sons, Pryce Meyrick, Arthur Hamilton, and Walter Charlton. He devises all his real estate in the United Kingdom, but as to his farm known as Cefndu charged with the payment of £3500 to his three younger sons, to his eldest son, Athelstan Robert.

The will (dated Aug. 6, 1890) of Mr. Thomas Alfred Barker, M.D., F.R.C.P., late of 109, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, who died on Oct. 19, was proved on Nov. 28 by Mrs. Caroline Janet Barker, the widow, and Miss Marion Dorothy Barker, the daughter, the executrices, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £34,000. The testator bequeaths £300 and his plate, furniture, and household effects to his wife; and £100 to his niece, Emma Barker. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his said daughter.

The will (dated March 5, 1891) of Miss Jane Elizabeth Cholmondeley, late of Hurley House, Marlow, Bucks, who died on Sept. 16, was proved on Dec. 7 by Philip Francis, and John Walter Buchanan Riddell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £26,000. The testatrix gives numerous pecuniary and specific legacies; and the residue of her property to the children of her late sister, Mary Louisa Thornton, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 26, 1890) of Mr. Clear Burch, formerly of 4, Great College Street, Camden Town, and late of 2, Willes Road, Kentish Town, timber merchant, who died on Sept. 11, was proved on Nov. 25 by George Burch, the son, William Franklin Dickson, and Joseph William Ellis, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £23,000. The testator bequeaths £50 to the minister of Claremont Chapel, Hampstead Road, for the charities connected with the said chapel; £50 to the London Temperance Hospital, Hampstead Road; £10 to the Brunswick Free School and Institute, Tonbridge Street; and there are bequests to the widow and children of his son Charles; and many other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his son George.

The will (dated June 14, 1889), with a codicil (dated Feb. 9, 1891), of Mr. Thomas Curson Hansard, formerly editor of "Hansard," late of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, and of Fairfield West, Kingston-on-Thames, who died on Nov. 12, was proved on Dec. 4 by the Rev. James Chesterton Bradley and Robert Loveband Fulford, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £21,000. The testator bequeaths £3000 to his niece, Mary Elizabeth Watkins; £300 to his god-daughter, Margaret Elizabeth Dickens; and £100 to each of his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his great-nephew, Edmund C. Bradley, and his great nieces, Ethel Fleming Bradley and Isabella Louisa Fleming Bradley, in equal shares.

A small building, clearly intended for a domestic chapel, of graceful architectural proportions, has recently been unearthed in Pompeii. It is adorned with frescoes, vivid and unspoiled. At the end of the chamber there is a painting of Hercules, with his club and lion-skin; on one of the sides is a boar, on the other the sacrificial altar, made of terra-cotta, on which the remains of burnt-offerings were still to be seen. Statuettes in gilt bronze of a half-nude priestess in the attitude of prayer and a Mercury, and amulets in the form of a dolphin, were also found in the chapel. These latter objects have been sent for preservation to the museum of Naples.

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Costume makes one of the chief interests of the "Victorian" exhibition of pictures. We women of to-day may certainly congratulate ourselves on the comparison thus instituted. Never in the reign of the Queen, it seems, has dress been more easy, more graceful, and, on the whole, more sensible than it is to-day. The one thing more foolish than a train to a gown for walking in the streets is a low body for the same purpose; and in some of the portraits here we are reminded of that atrocious fashion—a walking-gown leaving uncovered the neck and top of the shoulders! Even later, we find the same absurdity in children's dress. When the Queen's younger daughters were little girls, bare arms and necks were the rule of children's everyday dress. The average length of life (which, of course, is much governed by the mortality of childhood) has increased for women during the last quarter of a century considerably more than proportionately to the increase in life of the other sex; so say the Registrar-General's statistics. The girls' uncovered arms and shoulders in these pictures probably offer the clue to the fact.

Then the heads—the most charming of women was more or less spoiled in the days when the hair was plastered down over the temples, and formed into a door-knocker plait on the cheek. Even the next stage of Victorian fashion in hair, the rigidly severe smoothness on either side of the parting, and the rest of the hair coiled close at first, and afterwards sagging in a "net," was not becoming. But the most astonishing vagaries are found in the full dress. The different and extraordinary ways in which feathers have been worn on the head should be studied. At the marriage of the Queen some ladies are seen in the picture to have had plumes of the longest ostrich feathers conceivable, rampantly floating forwards, while others had similar plumes equally wildly floating backwards, like the tails on a Life-Guardsman's helmet, these latter being apparently of bird-of-paradise tails. Later on, the feathers seem to have reclined in the neck and to have been visible from the front only at the tips, so as to afford room for other ornaments on top. One peeress, for example, has her hair done flat and smooth in front, and twisted into a Grecian knot at the apex of the crown; feathers hang down in the neck from this knot, which is covered in by a peeress's coronet on the usual red-velvet cap; then across the middle of the lady's head is a tall tiara; and where the hair begins to grow on the brow there is a string of diamonds tied round, adorned with a large diamond butterfly, standing up over the centre of the forehead!

Little girls do not now wear low dresses even for evening parties. In preparing for the coming Christmas festivities, mothers will send their girls out fully protected from the chills and risks of cooling suddenly after exertion. In most frocks the yoke idea is dominant. A pretty little frock of pale-blue China silk is made with a yoke of the same covered with guipure lace, and a wired Medici collar of the lace at the back and sides. The material is pulled on to the yoke, and drawn in at the waist under a blue ribbon band; a similar band heads a narrow lace flounce. The sleeves are set high and full, and a frill lined with lace is formed at the wrist by a band of ribbon being drawn round. For a small sister of five there is a dress of the same blue China silk pulled on to a yoke as above, but without the high collar, and without the waist-belt, simply falling loose from the yoke. The sash which I recently described as being put on ladies' dresses,

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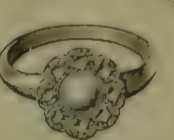
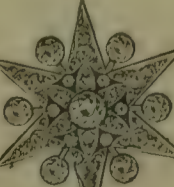
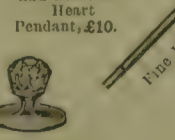
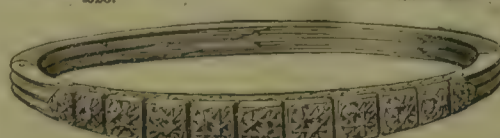
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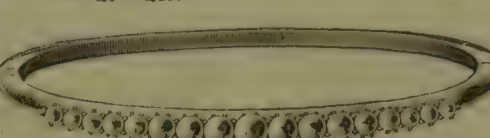
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Gold Medals, the only Gold Medal at the Paris Exhibition, 1889, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour—the highest distinction conferred on any firm in the world—for excellence and originality.

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thousands of designs, beautifully illustrated, sent post free to all parts of the world.

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Manufactory: CLERKENWELL.



Two-fold Screen, with Muffled Glass and Art Silk Panels, panel for photos, and adjustable shelf—extreme height, 3 ft. 9 in.  
In gilt bronze frame .. 42s.  
In white or cream enamel .. 50s.

### DINING-ROOM FURNITURE.

**MAPLE and CO.—DINING-ROOM FURNITURE** has always been an important department with Maple and Co., and its ever-increasing requirements have again necessitated the addition of several more houses in Grafton Street, besides the immense block of premises known as Dr. Williams's Library.

**MAPLE and CO.** enjoy a world-wide celebrity for comfortable and substantially made dining-room chairs, as well as for luxuriantly soft and really easy chairs, club chairs, lounges, and settees of their own manufacture. Customers when in Tottenham Court Road can pass from the Show-Rooms to the Factory and see the various processes of upholstering.

### SIDEBOARDS.

#### POLLARD OAK.

**MAPLE and Co.** are now showing some superb specimens of Pollard Oak Sideboards, with exceptionally fine carved panellings, illustrative of the very highest type of workmanship, such as are ordinarily manufactured for exhibition purposes, irrespective of cost. Maple and Co.'s prices for these fine examples range from 55 to 150 guineas.

**MAPLE and CO.** are also exhibiting many very handsome Jacobean, Early English, and other Sideboards of a less costly character, ranging at from 15 guineas to 50 guineas. These are in fumed and polished oak, walnut, and rich old mahogany, very artistically designed, and constructed, and finished in the very best manner.

### INEXPENSIVE ARTISTIC SIDEBOARDS.

**MAPLE and CO.** have smaller SIDEBOARDS, ranging at from £3 or £4 upwards, a very artistic design, 4 ft. long, with recessed front, carved panels, bevelled glass, and arrangements of drawers, cupboards, and cellaret, coming at £6 18s. 6d., while other and more elaborate styles range from £8 15s. upwards. The best selection of inexpensive artistic sideboards in the world.

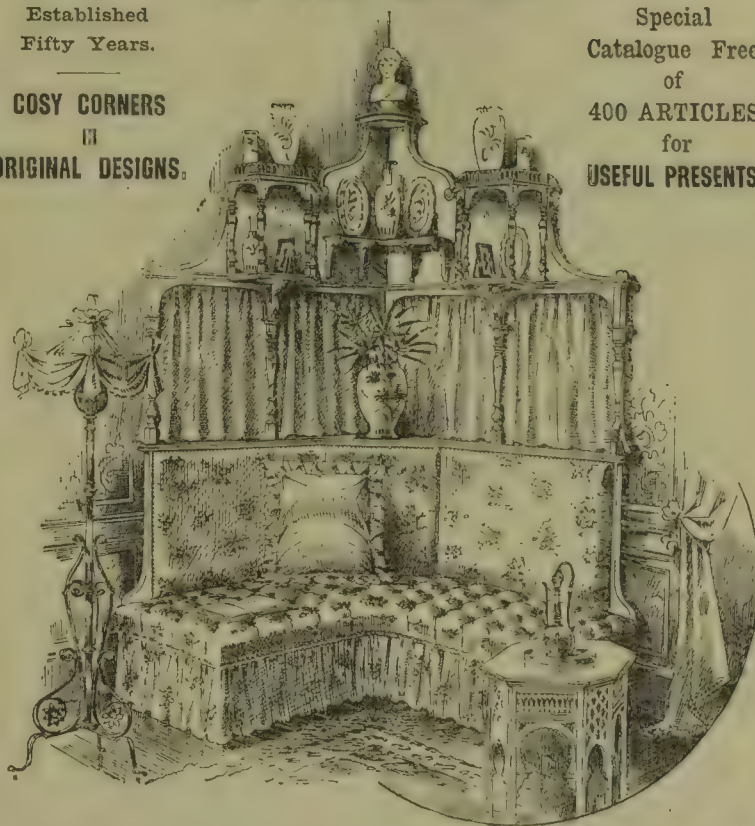
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TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD LONDON W  
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FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT  
IN THE WORLD

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Fifty Years.

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IN  
ORIGINAL DESIGNS.

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400 ARTICLES  
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USEFUL PRESENTS.



Cosy Corner, substantially made and well finished in White or Cream, with cushions and drapery in Cretonne, and Art Silk Curtain,  
£8 18s. 6d.

This design will fit into any corner of the room.

A variety of Cosy Corners in original and artistic styles will always be found in stock ready for immediate dispatch.

### POSTAL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

**MAPLE and CO.** have a large staff of assistants specially retained for this important department, and customers ordering by post, either from the country or abroad, may rely upon receiving articles selected with the greatest care, and of the same sterling value as if personally chosen.



Bamboo Whatnot, with drawer and cupboard, fitted with shelves for music, shelves covered with Tokyo paper, and lacquered panels. 4 ft. high, 2 ft. 4 in. wide, and 1 ft. 3 in. deep .. 12 2 6

### DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE.

**MAPLE and CO.** are now showing a choice selection of DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE of the periods of Louis XV. and XVI., including some very fine specimens in richly carved mahogany, also other pieces in Rococo Chippendale style, including cabinets, tables, show-cases, music cabinets, writing tables, as well as elegant novelties in inlaid woods, with Vernis-Martin decorations.

**MAPLE and CO.** have a wonderful assortment of luxuriously comfortable Pillow and other Settees, Lounges, Easy and Gossip Chairs, in new shapes and coverings, at most moderate prices. The Haddon Easy Chair, at £2 18s. 6d., upholstered in handsome tapestry, trimmed with deep fringe, is a specialty of remarkable value.

### DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE.

**MAPLE and CO.—The MARGUERITE SUITE**, in pretty inlaid mahogany, is an excellent example of artistic drawing-room furniture at a moderate price. This suite consists of a settee, two elbow and four occasional chairs, all with shield backs, and upholstered in cut velvet, or rich silk, and the price is but 16 guineas.

**MAPLE and CO.** are also exhibiting numerous novelties in Moorish, Arabian, Japanese, and Italian fancy drawing-room Furniture, as well as many elegant varieties of Pedestals, screens, draped and other Easels, Brackets, Overdoors, Jardinieres, and new shapes in wicker Chairs and Settees, with artistic draperies.

### FURNITURE.

#### FURNITURE FOR EXPORT.

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### CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

The Largest and Choicest Stock of Articles, handsomely designed, at moderate prices.

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220, REGENT STREET, W.;

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THE ACTUAL MANUFACTURERS.

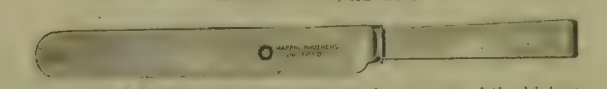


MAPPIN BROTHERS, QUEEN'S WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

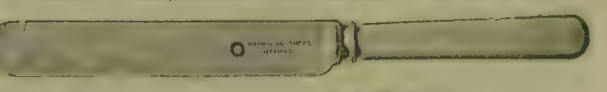
Established 1810.)



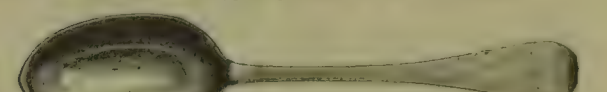
Selected Staghorn Handles, Strong Metal Mounts: 1 pair Meat Carvers and Steel, fitted in Leather Case, £1 1s.  
1 pair Meat Carvers, 1 pair Poultry Carvers, and 1 Steel, in Leather Case, £1 15s.



MAPPIN BROTHERS' Table Knives have procured the highest awards. Prices, with Solid Ivory Handles, from £1 4s. per doz.



OLD ENGLISH.  
Best Electro-Plate, plain pattern, £1 17s. 6d. per doz.



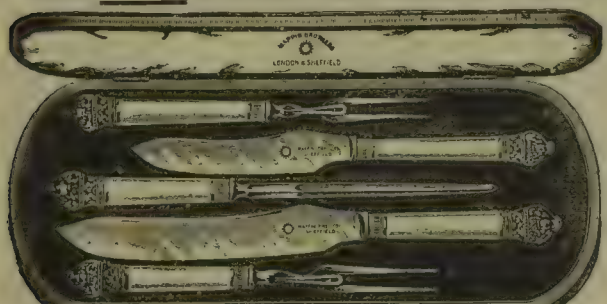
OLD ENGLISH.  
"MAPPIN BROTHERS' reputation of eighty years is a sufficient recommendation and guarantee of the value of their goods and their strictly moderate prices."—  
Broad Arrow.



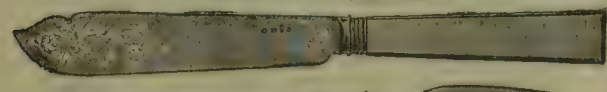
KING'S.  
King's and other Fancy Patterns, £2 12s. 6d. per doz.



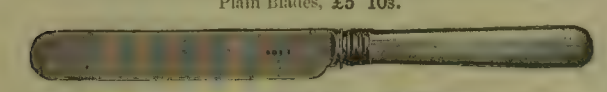
KING'S.



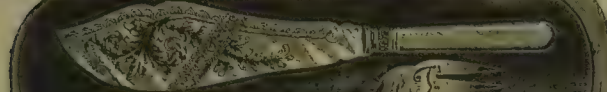
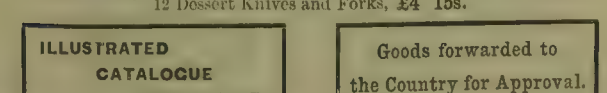
Finest selected African Ivory Handles and Solid Silver Mounts: 1 pair of Meat Carvers and Steel, fitted in best Morocco Case, £3.  
1 pair of Meat Carvers and 1 pair of Poultry Carvers, and 1 Steel, fitted in best Morocco Case, £4 10s.



Ivory Handles, Engraved Blades: 12 Fish Knives and Forks, £5 15s.  
Plain Blades, £5 10s.



African Ivory Handles, Electro-Plated Blades, Real Silver Ferrules: 12 Dessert Knives and Forks, £4 15s.



Ivory Handles, Electro Silver Plated, Engraved Blade; Fish Carver and Fork, in case, complete, £1 4s.



Best Brass-bound Oak Case of One Dozen each Table and Cheese Knives, 2 pair Carvers and Steel, with African Ivory Handles. £6 10s.  
Canteens and Chests of Spoons and Forks, Cutlery, &c., at all prices.

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carried up from the front of the waist under the arms to form a bow on the shoulder-blades, whence ends fall like a Watteau pleat, is effectively applied to children's party frocks. It looked well on a pale yellow nun's veiling frock, with the sash of a somewhat more lemon-like shade of the same hue. The neck was cut down a tiny bit, not enough to show the collar-bones, and was edged round with a fluffy frilling of the silk picked out, and two rows of similar trimming finished off the bottom of the skirt.

More Christmas-present catalogues are to hand. Mr. J. W. Benson, of 25, Old Bond Street, the Queen's jeweller, sends a dainty little booklet bound in gold, in which are depicted some of the latest novelties from his large stock. Some of the brooches are specially prepared for the festive season. One consists of the word "Xmas," finished off with a broad scroll under it, all in diamonds. This is small, but effective, and costs only five guineas. Another is a spray of holly in diamonds, three leaves and a stem, with berries enamelled against them; this is the same price as the Christmas one. A sprig of mistletoe, having pearls for berries, is a guinea dearer. The greatest novelties are copies of brooches worn by the old French nobility of the elegant days of Louis Quatorze and Louis Quinze. They are like narrow ribbon tied in elegant bows, with long ends pendent, some of them terminating in tassels, others sloping off to points, the whole being of fine brilliants. Nothing could be more artistic and elegant in diamond jewellery. Brooch-watches are among the novelties; a tie-brooch of diamonds has a gold chain about two inches long pendent from it, and supporting a little keyless watch, the face surrounded by brilliants. The same idea is carried out in plain gold at a very moderate price. A watch-chain, ending in a brilliant ball to hang outside the dress, can be transformed at will into a bracelet; while many of the brooches here figured are made so that they can be worn when wished as hairpins or pendants. "New Moon" diamond jewellery—sweeping half-circlets—is of Mr. Benson's recent introduction.

Messrs. Godwin and Son, whose establishment is in High Holborn, immediately opposite the First Avenue Hotel, include useful silver as well as jewellery in their large and interesting new catalogue. Their goods appear to be very novel and artistic in design. The greatest novelty of the season is the café-noir and café-au-lait frames, in the finest quality electro-plate. They consist of a small coffee-pot for black coffee, a glass cruet for cognac, two tiny glasses, and two china cups on a small tray. These are very dainty and pretty, and quite new. There are *porte bonheur* bangles (such as are worn by the Duke of Edinburgh and many other men, as well as by ladies) of plain gold, fitted with a padlock, the key of which can be removed; and the old-fashioned "curb" pattern, in gold, is having a revival, to judge by the number of bangles and brooches in it that are here shown. An ingenious way of giving some idea of the variety of the stock by pictures is to show, as Messrs. Godwin do, entire pages of brooches, bangles, and necklets, marked "Every article on this page is 21s." or whatever sum it may be; this is almost as good as choosing at the counter. Among the novelties in brooches are "The Bat," with body

carved in moonstone and outstretched wings in gold; "The Happy Family," three little owls of varying sizes sitting on a branch, all being made of gold, but finished off in different ways, so as to give variety of plumage; "The Elephant," comically walking the tight-rope; "The Kitten," gaily playing with a pearl ball; "The Cat and Mouse," one of the traditional enemies on either end of a gold bar; "The Dancing Bear," with a staff in his arms topped by a whole pearl—and, in short, too many to be described.

#### FOREIGN NEWS.

In the German Reichstag, on Dec. 10, Chancellor von Caprivi delivered a remarkable speech on the new commercial treaties. He explained that, under the old autonomous tariffs introduced in 1879, Germany, being confined to her own markets, suffered from over-production, and that it became necessary to find outlets abroad for her exports. Hence the treaties recently concluded with Austria-Hungary, Italy, Belgium, and Switzerland. There remain America and Russia, with which treaties may still be concluded. As far as Russia is concerned, the Chancellor does not think that for a long time to come it will be possible to enter into a commercial arrangement with that country on account of the prohibition of the export of grain, which is likely to be maintained for a protracted period; but with America things are different. In exchange for the benefit of the most-favoured-nation clause, which Germany is willing to extend to the United States, German sugar will enter America duty free.

As Chancellor of the German Empire and as a soldier, General von Caprivi could not refrain from dwelling on the political and military importance of the new commercial treaties. His views on this point are that Germany, being a party to a league of peace such as the Triple Alliance, cannot wage a commercial war against her allies, and that her interest, on the contrary, is that they should be strengthened and be made powerful, in case the peace of Europe should be broken. For this reason also it has been found necessary to ally Germany with grain-growing States, for, as a soldier, General von Caprivi is of opinion that in case of war it would be unsafe for Germany to rely upon obtaining corn by sea, and it is his conviction that in the future war the feeding of the army and the nation will be the deciding factor. He concluded by saying that the German Government desired that the treaties should make a deep impression on the population—a wish that has certainly been gratified, for no more important event has taken place in Europe for a long time, nor excited greater interest among Continental nations.

In Russia, for instance, the commercial coalition of Germany with the other members of the Triple Alliance has produced an unfavourable impression. The *Noroe Vremya* calls upon all countries not belonging to the new commercial alliance to come to an understanding in commercial matters to counteract its effects, and says that France and Russia should conclude a treaty of commerce in opposition to the new compact between Germany and her allies.

In France, however, the Protectionist tide is so strong that

nothing can prevail against it. The Anti-Protectionists foresee a terrible economic crisis, and point out the dangers arising from the new commercial situation of Europe and from the suicidal policy of France, whose minimum tariff is so much higher than the existing one that it cannot possibly tempt other nations to offer her reciprocity. The *Temps* goes so far as to say that France, deprived of outlets, is going straight to an industrial Sedan.

In Spain much irritation has been felt in consequence of the increase of duty on Spanish wine voted by the Chamber, and, whether as a result of this attitude on the part of France or for some other reason, the Spanish Government is about to enter into negotiations with Germany and Austria-Hungary in view of a commercial treaty. The negotiations will begin at Berlin in January, but it is by no means certain that they will prove very successful, for Spain has developed strong Protectionist tendencies, and her new Customs tariff, comprising, like the French one, a maximum and a minimum scale of duties, is very high indeed.

Early in the new year the German Emperor is going to resume his travels. In the first place, it is possible, although there is no confirmation of the rumour, that he may come to England in order to be present at the wedding of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale. His next journey, it is announced, is to be a visit to the King of Roumania at Bucharest, and lastly, it is rumoured in Vienna that he will avail himself of the opportunity offered by his visit to Roumania to attend the spring military manoeuvres at Fünfkirchen, in Hungary.

The Bulgarian Sobranje has just done a very graceful act. On the proposition of the Government of Prince Ferdinand, that assembly, by a unanimous vote, has granted a pension of £2000 a year to the old ruler of Bulgaria, the hero of Sliwnitz—in other words, to Prince Alexander of Battenberg, who now, under the name of Count von Hartenau, is serving in the Austrian Army with the rank of colonel. This act of gratitude was, it is said, due solely to the initiation of Prince Ferdinand and M. Stambouloff, and is a fitting and well-deserved tribute paid to Prince Alexander by the country over which he once held sway.

Bulgaria has now a quarrel with France, on account of the expulsion from the country of M. Chadourne, the representative of a French news agency, under circumstances of unnecessary harshness. The Bulgarian Government complains that M. Chadourne has systematically propagated abroad incorrect and malicious statements regarding Bulgarian affairs, and that they were compelled to put in force a decree of expulsion against this correspondent, issued in April last, and subsequently withdrawn. The French Government, on being apprised of the fact, instructed its representative at Sofia to demand that M. Chadourne should be permitted to return to the Principality. The Bulgarian Government having refused to comply with this request, the French Diplomatic Agent to Bulgaria has broken off his relation with the Bulgarian Government. It would seem, however, considering the facts of the case, so far



**BIRD'S  
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**A DAILY LUXURY.**

*The Choicest Dishes. Dainties in Endless Variety.  
The Richest and most Delicious Custard without Eggs.*

**GUARANTEE OF PURITY AND EXCELLENCE.**

Every GENUINE Packet bears the Autograph  
Signature of the Inventors and Sole Manufacturers—  
**ALFRED BIRD & SONS.**

**ALWAYS INSIST UPON THIS.**

**CUSTARD WITHOUT EGGS!!**

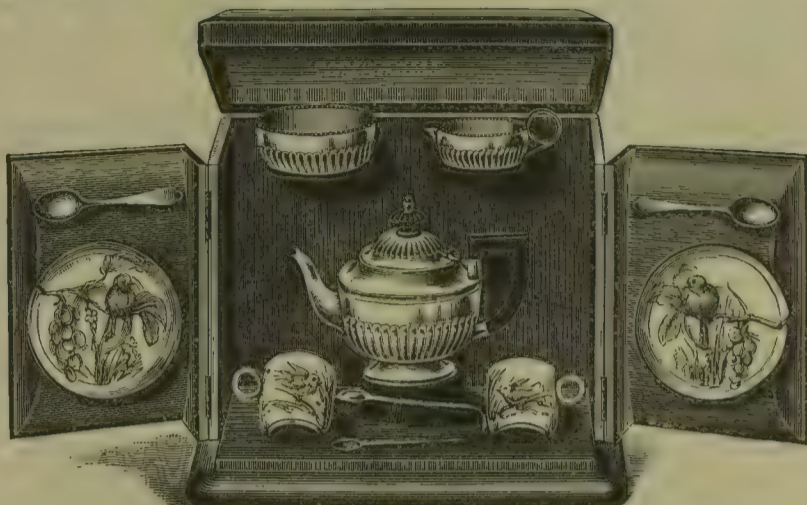
# Mappin & Webb's Christmas Presents

## IN STERLING SILVER AND PRINCE'S PLATE.

(REGD.)



Registered Design: "Ye Mistletoe Bough."  
Six Sterling Silver Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs, in Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet, £5 10s.



REGISTERED "PRINCESS" TEA SERVICE, with Two China Cups and Saucers, Two Spoons, and Sugar Tongs.

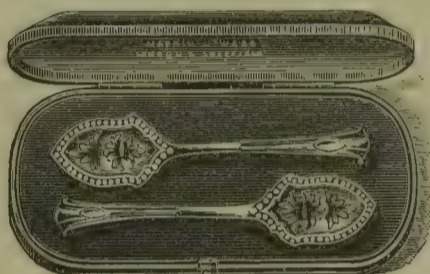
Complete, in Case, Sterling Silver	£11 11 0	Prince's Plate	.. .. .	£5 5 0
Teapot only .. .. .	5 5 0	" "	.. .. .	1 11 6
Sugar Basin and Tongs .. .. .	1 15 0	" "	.. .. .	0 10 6
Cream Jug .. .. .	1 5 0	" "	.. .. .	0 10 6



Registered Design.  
Six Sterling Silver "Apostle" Afternoon Tea Spoons and Tongs, in Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet, £2 15s. Prince's Plate, £1 13s.



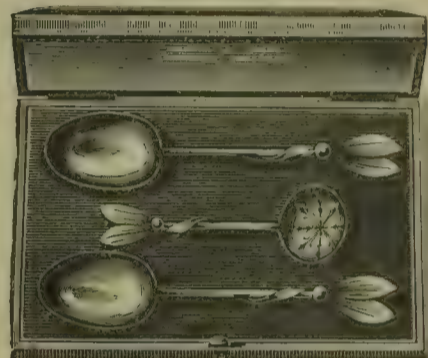
Handsome Fruit Spoons, with Gilt Bowls, Prince's Plate, in Morocco Case.  
Case, Two Spoons .. .. . £1 1 0  
" Two " and Sifter .. .. . 1 10 0  
" Four " .. .. . 2 10 0



Registered XVII. Century Pattern. Pair Jam Spoons, in Morocco Case.  
Prince's Plate, 13s. Sterling Silver, £1 14s.



Two Sterling Silver Salt Cellars, Spoons, and Muffinier, in Morocco Case, £2.



Registered Design: "Ye Mistletoe Bough."  
Prince's Plate Fruit Servers and Sugar Sifter, part Gilt, in Leather Cases, lined Satin and Velvet.  
Case containing Two Servers .. .. . £1 15 0  
" " Two " and One Sifter .. .. . 2 12 0  
" " Four " .. .. . 4 5 0



Handsomely Chased Sterling Silver Sugar Basin, Cream Ewer, and Tongs, in Morocco Case, £4 15s.



Pair of Sterling Silver Muffiniers, Chased and Fluted, complete, in Case, £4.



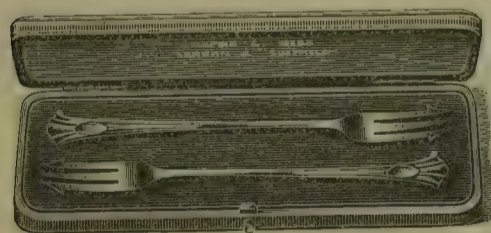
Ivory Handle Butter Knife, in Morocco Case.  
Prince's Plate, 9s. Sterling Silver, 14s.



Two Chased Sterling Silver "Acorn" Napkin Rings, Gilt inside, in Morocco Case, £1 12s.



Antique Fluted Sterling Silver Sugar Basin and Tongs and Cream Jug, complete, in Case, £9 9s.



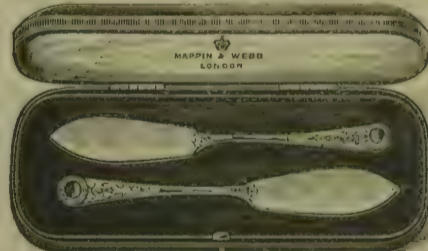
Registered XVII. Century Pattern. Pair Pickle Forks, in Case.  
All Prince's Plate .. .. . £0 11 6  
All Sterling Silver .. .. . 1 11 6

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(350 Illustrations),  
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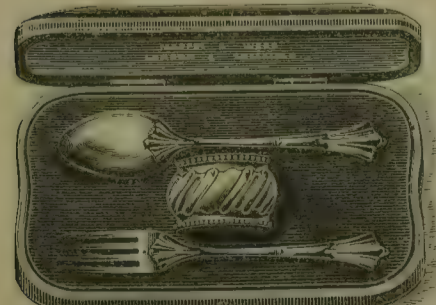


Two Sterling Silver Scallop Butter Shells and Two Knives, in Morocco Case, £4 5s.  
One Shell and Knife, in Case, £2 5s.

Goods sent  
to the Country  
on Approval.



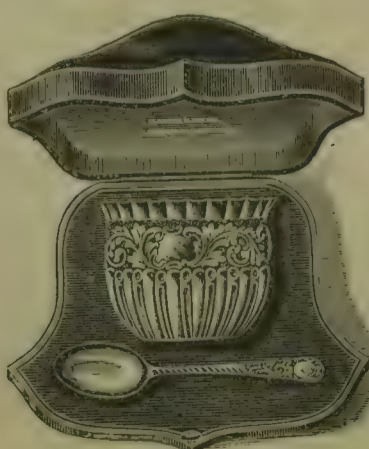
Two Sterling Silver Butter Knives, in Morocco Case, £1 10s. Smaller Size, £1 1s.



Fluted Sterling Silver Spoon, Fork, and Napkin Ring, in Case, £2 10s.  
Spoon only, in Case .. .. . £0 18 0  
Spoon and Fork, in Case .. .. . 1 11 6  
Knife, Fork, and Spoon, in Case .. .. . 2 5 0



Four Chased Sterling Silver "Acorn" Salts and Spoons, in Morocco Case, lined Silk, £3 15s.  
Six in Case, £5 15s.



Sterling Silver Bowl and Spoon, Handsomely Chased and Fluted, in Morocco Case, £4 10s.



Richly Engraved Sterling Silver Egg Cup, Napkin Ring, and Spoon, in Morocco Case, £3. Gilt all over, £3 10s.

ONLY  
LONDON ADDRESSES

158, OXFORD STREET, W., & THE POULTRY (Opposite the Mansion House), E.C.

Manufactory: ROYAL PLATE AND CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

as they are known, that M. Ribot's action in this matter has been rather hasty.

M. Welter, the President of the Swiss Confederation, resigned on Dec. 8, because the Swiss people, by the *plebiscitum* of Dec. 6, refused to sanction the purchase by the Government of the Swiss Central Railway.

President Harrison's Message to the United States Congress is a very lengthy document, dealing exhaustively with foreign affairs, and, on that account, of more than ordinary interest to the European reader. The first subject alluded to is the Behring Sea difficulty, and he expresses his satisfaction at being able to announce that the terms of arbitration have been arrived at—a fact which has been known for some time.

The part of the Message relating to the Chilean revolution is reported to have produced an unfavourable impression in Chile, where it is said that President Harrison has based his statements on information hostile to Chile, and in many instances untrue.

With regard to China, the Message says that the United States Government will insist on China continuing the protective and punitive measures heretofore applied.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of the Message is that dealing with the result of the McKinley Tariff, in which President Harrison states that during the year ended Sept. 30 last the value of imports and exports was the largest in the history of the United States, amounting in all to \$1,647,000,000. He adds: "It may be argued that the condition of things would be better were the tariff on a Free Trade basis; but it cannot be denied that all the conditions of prosperity and

general contentment are now present in a larger degree than ever before in our history, and that, too, when it was prophesied that they would be at their worst."

In Brazil things are still unsettled. For some time a conflict was feared in the province of Rio de Janeiro, owing to Dr. Portella refusing to resign the Governorship of that State. He finally yielded, and order was in consequence restored. In Rio Grande the insurgents have laid down their arms; but a revolution has broken out in the province of Sao Paulo. There, as in Rio de Janeiro, the revolt is caused by the refusal of the Governor to resign his post.

On Dec. 2 Colonel Durand, the British Agent at Gilgit, attacked a hostile force of Hunza and Nagar tribesmen, and captured the fort of Nilt after severe fighting. This success was not achieved without serious casualties, and, unfortunately, Colonel Durand and three of his officers were wounded. It appears that for some time past the Hunza and Nagar tribes had been restless and troublesome, and had resolved to attack the working parties engaged in making a military road from Gilgit to Chalt. Finding that the situation was getting intolerable, Colonel Durand took the offensive, and repulsed the Hunzas. Since then desultory firing has been going on between the Indian troops and the Hunzas, but without further casualties. The wounded officers are reported to be doing well, and to have started for Gilgit. The Gilgit incident may be considered as a development of the Pamir question.

From Cashmere to Burmah is a far cry, but there, also, a frontier difficulty has arisen, without, however, any fighting taking place. Some time ago, the Chinese commander on the

east of the Nampoung River informed the Deputy Commissioner at Bhomo that he had been instructed to reoccupy the positions formerly held by Chinese troops on the west bank. The Deputy Commissioner received instructions to reply that the British troops would remain where they were, and there the matter rests for the present, and it is unlikely that further trouble will occur. It is curious, however, that the Chinese should have raised a difficulty of this sort on the precise point of the frontier where no doubt exists as to what were the limits of Theebaw's dominions.

The availability of ordinary return tickets between all stations on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway will be extended over the Christmas holidays as usual. On Dec. 23, 24, and 26 extra fast trains will leave Victoria and London Bridge Stations for the Isle of Wight, and on Christmas Eve an extra midnight train will leave London for Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Worthing, Chichester, Portsmouth, &c. On Christmas Day the ordinary Sunday service will be run, including the Pullman cheap trains from Victoria to Brighton and back. On Boxing Day special cheap excursions will be run from Brighton to the Crystal Palace and London, and also from London to Brighton and back. For the Crystal Palace pantomime and the holiday entertainments on Boxing Day extra trains will be run to and from London as required by the traffic. The Brighton Company announce that their West-End offices—28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand-Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square—will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday for the sale of the ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria Stations.

**BENSON'S BOND ST. NOVELTIES, 25, OLD BOND ST., W.**

**LUCKY "NEW MOON" JEWELRY.**

Brilliant, £30.

**J. W. BENSON'S LATEST NOVELTY.**

SEE XMAS LIST. £10.

**ILLUSTRATED XMAS LIST POST FREE.**

**Diamond Brooch, £5 5s.**

**Brilliant Rising Sun Brooch, £125.**

**Diamonds, Enamelled Berries, £5 5s.**

**Diamonds, Oriental Pearl Berries, £6 6s.**

**An early application is solicited, owing to the great demand for Benson's Novelties at Christmas.**

**Diamonds, Special Value, £10.**

**Brilliant Brooch, £5 5s.**

**Antique £20.**

**Fine & Oriental Brooch, £10.**

**Brilliant Pearls, £10.**

**GOLD KEYLESS WITH FANCY DIAL £8 8s.**

**KEYLESS, £5. Oxidised Steel, Gold Mounts, £5.**

**KEYLESS, £5. With any Monogram in Gold.**

**BROOCH WATCHES Warranted.**

**The Largest and Choicest Stock in London, over £300,000 according to Stock Books.**

## A Nice Christmas Present.

If you wish to make your medical friend a useful present, nothing would please him more than a BOX OF VESTAL "VINOLIA" SOAP. This is the Soap the medical profession usually recommend, and the one which is most to their liking. Each Tablet of Vestal "Vinolia" Soap is put up in a beautiful white leatherette case, lettered in gold; this case is plain and rich. Three of the cases are enclosed in a still larger one made of white leatherette, and also lettered in gold, the whole costing 7s. 6d. No one to whom you may make a Christmas Present of Vestal "Vinolia" Soap can be otherwise than highly delighted with it. Either as a complement to other gifts or as a present by itself, it is all that the most fastidious and exacting could require. The scents are the most delicate, and the Soap itself represents the very highest degree attainable in the art of soapmaking.

**PRICE 7/6 PER BOX OF THREE TABLETS.**

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By Special Appointment to His Highness the Khedive of Egypt. Imperial Order of Osmanieh.

**Best quality Electro-Plated Cafe Noir Set, £6 10s.**

**Sterling Silver Sugar Basin and Tongs, 38s. Best Electro-Plated, 10s. 6d.**

**Sterling Silver Sugar Bowl and Tongs. 4 1/2 in. diameter .. £7 10s. 3 1/2 in. .. 4 10s. 2 .. (Plain Tongs) 55s.**

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**Best quality Electro-Plated Hammered Cafe-au-Lait Set, £7 15s.**

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(Established 1801) Exactly opposite the First Avenue Hotel.

MRS. SPENCER BRUNTON and Children have left 81, Brook Street, and will be at 9, SEYMOUR STREET, PORTMAN SQUARE, for the winter. Will friends kindly take this notice of change of address, as time will not admit of writing to each separately?

EDINBURGH EXHIBITION, 1890.  
HIGHEST AWARD—THE DIPLOMA OF HONOUR.  
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**JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS,**  
PIANO-FORTE MAKERS BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO  
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES, LONDON, W.  
Lists Free, and of the Leading Music-sellers.

NO. 27, BAKER STREET. No. 27.  
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO.,  
Piano-forte Manufacturers only.  
No other Address.

DAY by DAY there will be a SALE of  
Broadwood, Collard, Erard, and other PIANOS, at  
hitherto unheard of low prices, to reduce the stock during  
building operations.  
THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker Street, London, W.

SIDE by SIDE in the new and spacious  
Show Rooms of THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker  
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COTTAGE PIANO-FORTES of Broadwood, Collard, Erard,  
and other makers of repute. For cash the prices are in many cases  
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SOME of the PIANOS.—Collard and Collard  
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THOMAS OETZMANN and CO. desire it  
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Founded 1838.  
MOORE AND MOORE'S PIANOFORTES.  
162 to 96 Guineas. American Organs 7 to 88 Guineas.  
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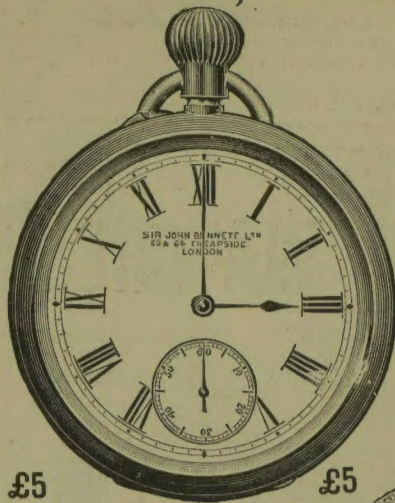
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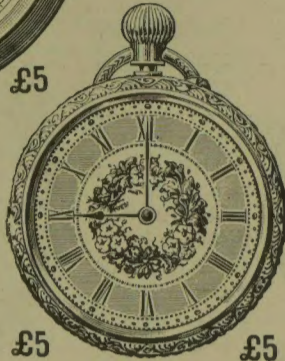
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nothing so good as DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE. Pleasant  
and efficacious. It imparts freshness and vigour.  
1s. 9d. per Bottle.

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Watch and Chronometer Manufacturers,  
65 & 64, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.



£5  
THE CHEAPSIDE 3-PLATE  
KEYLESS LEVER WATCH,  
With Chronometer Balance and  
Jewelled in thirteen actions, in  
strong Silver Case with Crystal  
Glass. The cheapest watch ever  
produced. Air, damp, and dust  
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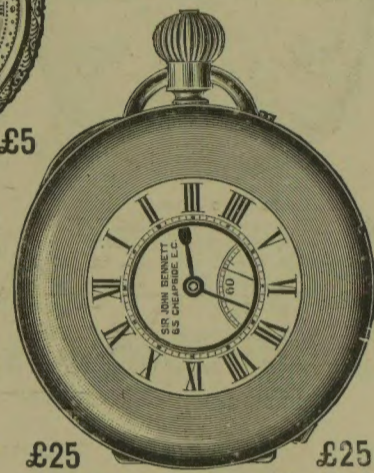


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LADIES' GOLD  
KEYLESS WATCHES.  
Perfect for time, beauty, and  
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polished or richly engraved  
18-carat Gold Cases, fully  
Jewelled, strong Crystal  
Glass, air, damp, and dust  
tight.



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LADIES' GOLD KEYLESS  
HALF-CHRONOMETERS.  
In 18-carat Gold Hunting, Half-  
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plain polished or richly engraved,  
4-plate, finely Jewelled movements,  
Chronometer Balance, specially  
adapted for all climates.

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PRESENTATION WATCHES,  
£10, £20, £30, £40, £50,  
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Arms and Inscriptions  
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Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery  
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A STANDARD GOLD KEYLESS 3-PLATE  
HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately  
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In massive 18-ct. case, with Monogram richly  
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The Finest Stock in  
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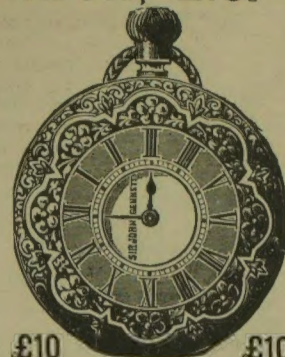
A Large and Elegant  
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every Description.

### SILVER WATCHES

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LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS  
WATCH,  
Perfect for time, beauty, and work-  
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damp, and dust tight.  
Ditto in Silver, £5.

### GOLD CHAINS

AT  
Manufacturers' Prices.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY  
ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND  
SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—ALL ORDINARY RETURN  
TICKETS issued on Dec. 23, 24, and 25 will be available for the  
Return Journey by any Train of the same description and  
class up to and including Tuesday, Dec. 29, except those  
issued for a less distance than 10 miles.

PORTSMOUTH AND THE ISLE OF  
WIGHT.—EXTRA TRAINS Dec. 23, 24, and 25. The  
Fast Train leaving Victoria at 4.35 p.m. and London Bridge  
5 p.m. will take passengers for Hyde, St. Helens, Bournemouth,  
Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).  
On CHRISTMAS DAY, A SPECIAL TRAIN will leave  
Victoria at 6.50 a.m., calling at all Stations to Hyde Pier, in con-  
nection with a Boat at 7.30 a.m. to Portsmouth Harbour, to  
join 8.25 a.m. Fast Train to London (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY AND ON  
CHRISTMAS DAY.—First Class Cheap Trains from Victo-  
ria 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m., calling at Clapham Junction and  
Croydon, returning from Brighton (Central Station) or West  
Brighton by any Train the same day. Fare, 1st Class, 10s.  
Pullman Cars are run in these Trains from Victoria to  
Brighton (Central Station), returning from Brighton (Central  
Station) by the 5 p.m. and 8.40 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare  
from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 12s.; also available for  
return (1st Class) by any other Train same day from Brighton  
(Central Station) or West Brighton.

CHRISTMAS EVE EXTRA LATE TRAINS.  
A Special Train will leave Victoria 11.55 p.m., and London  
Bridge at Midnight, Thursday, Dec. 24 for Brighton, Lewes,  
Eastbourne, St. Leonards, Hastings, Worthing, Chichester,  
Havant, and Portsmouth (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class).  
A Special Train will leave London Bridge 3.30 a.m. (25th) for  
Brighton, calling at East Croydon and Redhill Junction (1st,  
2nd, and 3rd Class).

BRANCH BOOKING OFFICES.—For the  
convenience of Passengers who may desire to take their  
Tickets in advance, the following Branch Booking Offices, in  
addition to those at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations,  
are now open for the issue of Tickets to all Stations on the  
London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway to the Isle of  
Wight, Paris, and the Continent, &c.—  
\* The Company's West-End Booking Offices, 23, Regent Circus,  
Piccadilly, W., and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings.  
Cook's Tourist Offices, Ludgate Circus, 445, West Strand, 99,  
Gracechurch Street, Easton Road, and 82, Oxford Street.  
Gaze's Tourist Offices, 142, Strand.  
Hay's City Agency, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, Cornhill.  
Jenkins', "Red Cap," 6, Camden Road, 96, Leadenhall Street,  
and 30, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate.  
Myers, 348, Gray's Inn Road and 14, Pentonville Road.  
Ordinary Tickets issued at these Offices will be dated to suit  
the convenience of Passengers.  
These two Offices, and Jenkins' Camden Road and Notting  
Hill Gate Offices, also Myers' Offices, will remain open until  
10 p.m., on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, Dec. 22, 23,  
and 24.  
For further particulars see Handbills, to be had at all  
Stations, and at any of the above Offices.  
(By Order) A. SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES.  
An Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks at  
reduced prices sent free on application to  
JOHN WALKER, 77, Cornhill; and 290, Regent Street.

## BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, and Influenza.  
Cure any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat,  
Relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption,  
Relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh,  
Clear and give strength to the voice of SINGERS,  
And are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

Of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors,  
1s. 1 1/2d. per Box.

NOTICE.  
See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches"  
are on the Government Stamp round each Box, without  
which none are genuine.

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**GOOD TOYS**  
**PARKINS & GOTTO**  
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EVERY NOVELTY  
Very low prices.  
CATALOGUES POST FREE.

WAVERLEY & PICKWICK  
PENS  
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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### THE FLYING 'J' PEN.

A superior 'J' Pen capable of writing 100 to 200 words  
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### THE COMMERCIAL PEN.

For Fine Writing.  
'A luxury for the million.'—Somerset Gazette.

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Instead of a Quill.  
'The fastest pen we have ever used.'—Sportsman.

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Sample Box of all the kinds 1/1 by Post.

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THE  
**"GOLDEN AGE"**  
OF THE  
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WATCH.

SERIES N FOR LADIES  
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The "GOLDEN AGE" is  
attained! In their New  
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Quick-Winding Water-  
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Famous Timekeepers in  
the World, they are now  
as Exquisitely Beautiful  
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Write to the Head Office for the  
HANDSOME ILLUSTRATED  
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Rapid-wind,  
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the Latest  
Improvements.

MANY NEW AND  
BEAUTIFUL  
DESIGNS.

HIGHEST FINISH  
THROUGHOUT.

PLAIN OR FANCY BACKS.  
PLAIN OR FANCY BACKS.  
ROMAN OR ARABIC DIALS.

**GOLD, SILVER, OXIDISED OR NICKEL CASES. THE GOLD  
CASES WARRANTED FOR 15 YEARS.**  
PRICES—Gold, 45s. to 56s.; Silver and Oxidised Silver, 30s. to 37s. 6d.; Black  
Oxidised, 25s.; Nickel, 10s. 6d. to 25s.  
**SOLD BY ALL WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELLERS,**  
And at the WATERBURY WATCH DEPOTS: 2, HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.; 435, STRAND, W.C.;  
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 SETS FOR THE WRITING-TABLE AND BOUDOIR,  
 in SILVER, ORNOLU, CHINA, OXIDISED SILVER,  
 POLISHED BRASS, and LEATHER with SILVER MOUNTS,  
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 USEFUL AND ELEGANT PRESENTS IN SILVER,  
 And a large and choice Assortment of ENGLISH,  
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**TRAVELLING DRESSING BAGS.**  
 With Hall-marked Sterling Silver Fittings, in Morocco,  
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 £5 5s., £10 10s., £15, £20, £30, to £100.

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 ARMS, CORONET, CREST, and ADDRESS DIES,  
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 NOTE-PAPER and ENVELOPES, brilliantly illuminated by  
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 BEST RELIEF STAMPING, any colour, 1s. per 100.  
 All the New and Fashionable Note-Papers,  
 BALL PROGRAMMES, MENUS, and GUEST CARDS,  
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 A VISITING NAME PLATE, elegantly Engraved, and 10  
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"The most  
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**DRESS SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.**  
 Acme of perfection. Plain linen, pique, and new-corded  
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 R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, E.C.

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 Returned ready for use, carriage paid. Write for Patterns.  
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**ÆGIDIUS.—The only FLANNEL SHIRTS**  
 that never shrink in washing. Made in neutral colours,  
 and can be worn without an undershirt. Three for 3s. 6d., or  
 Single Shirts, 10s. 6d. each, carriage free. Write for Patterns.  
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 GENTLEMEN'S UNDERVESTS and PANTS of  
 various weights, from 2s. 6d. to 9s. 6d. Illustrated price-list  
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HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.  
 Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL  
 COLOUR.  
 Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant  
 odour.  
 Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin,  
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 Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER  
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OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

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FLORILINE  
FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the  
 World.  
 Prevents the decay of the TEETH.  
 Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.  
 Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.  
 Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.  
 Is partly composed of Honey and extracts from  
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OF ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.  
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FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put in glass  
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Awarded  
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**CHOCOLAT-MENIER**  
 In 1/2-lb. and 1/4-lb. Packets. For  
 BREAKFAST,  
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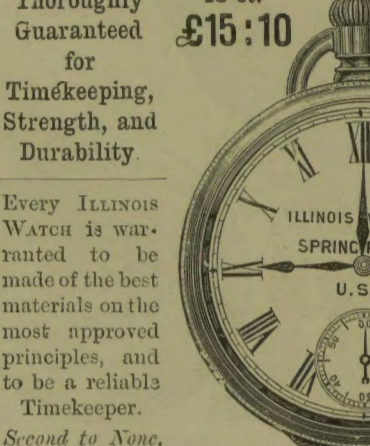

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 Daily Consumption  
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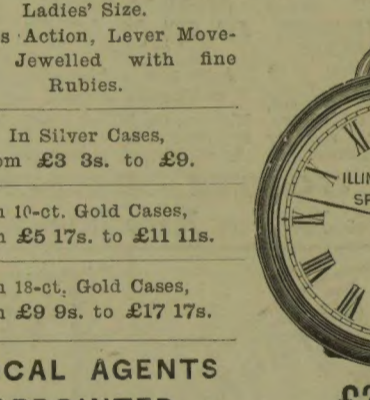
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JEWELS AND PLATE FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

**MESSRS. R. & S. GARRARD**  
 Beg to announce that, owing to the death of their senior partner, the WHOLE of their EXTENSIVE STOCK  
 will be offered for SALE during the remainder of the year at a reduction of 15 PER CENT. for CASH on  
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AMERICAN  
"ILLINOIS" LEVER WATCHES.

<p>Silver, 42/-</p>  <p>In Two Sizes. Strong Movement, Jewelled, 1/2-Plate, Compensation Balance. In Stout Silver Cases, also in large size, 42s.</p>	<p>Silver, 42/-</p>  <p>Thoroughly Guaranteed for Timekeeping, Strength, and Durability.</p> <p>Every ILLINOIS WATCH is war- ranted to be made of the best materials on the most approved principles, and to be a reliable Timekeeper. Second to None.</p>	<p>18-ct. £15:10</p>  <p>Gold, £15:10</p> <p>Keyless Action, Lever Movement, 11 fine Rubies, Compensation Balance. In Silver 1/2-Hunting Case ... £4 10 6 In 10-ct. Gold " " " 10 0 0 In 18-ct. " " " 15 10 0 These Watches also in Open-Face Cases from £4 to £14 10s.</p>
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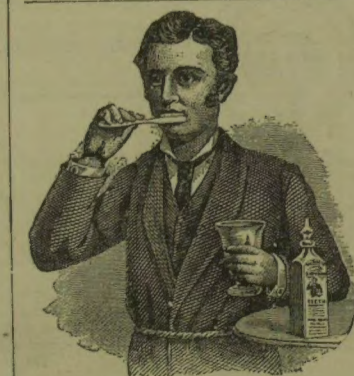
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**PERRY & CO., LD., 18, 19, & 20, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.**

**"NO BETTER FOOD EXISTS."**—*London Medical Record.*  
 This food, which is malted by a patented process, should be tried wherever other nourishment has not proved  
 entirely satisfactory. It is already cooked—requiring neither boiling nor straining.

## Allen & Hanburys' Infants' Food.

A nutriment peculiarly adapted to the digestive organs of Infants and Young Children, supplying all that is  
 required for the formation of firm flesh and bone. Surprisingly beneficial results have attended the use of this  
 Malted Food, which needs only to be tried to be permanently adopted. Medical Testimony and full Directions  
 accompany each Tin. Price 6d., 1s., 2s., 5s., and 10s. Sold everywhere.



**PERSONAL LOVELINESS**  
 is greatly enhanced by a fine set of teeth. On the other  
 hand, nothing so detracts from the effect of pleasing  
 features as yellow or decayed teeth. Don't lose sight of  
 this fact, and remember to cleanse your teeth every  
 morning with that supremely delightful and effectual  
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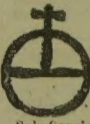
## FRAGRANT SOZODONT

which imparts whiteness to them, without the least injury  
 to the enamel. The gums are made healthy by its use, and  
 that mortifying defect, a repulsive breath, is completely  
 remedied by it. Sozodont is in high favour with the fair  
 sex, because it lends an added charm to their pretty mouths.

**BIRTH.**  
 On Oct. 31, at Rio de Janeiro, the wife of Herbert  
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 \*The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages,  
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 Acknowledged the best health and pleasure resort  
 in the United Kingdom, with more bright sunshine  
 recorded during autumn and winter months than any  
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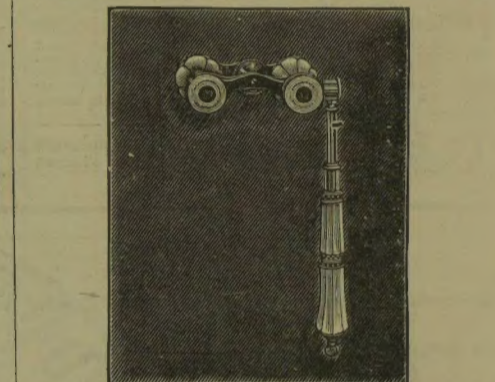
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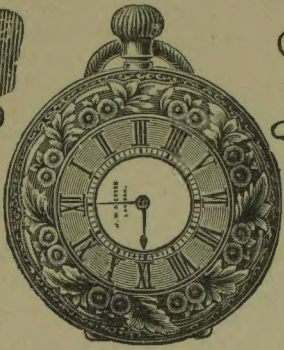
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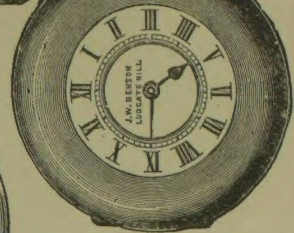
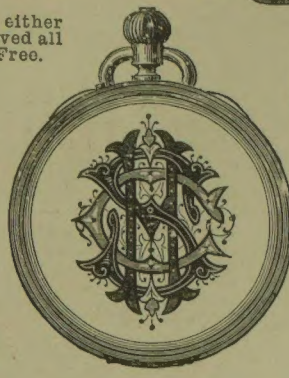
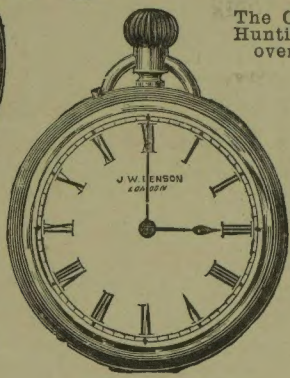
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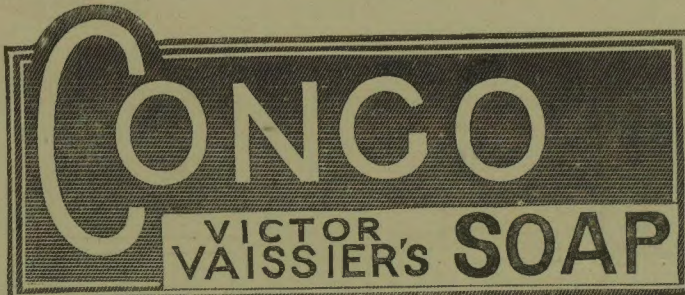
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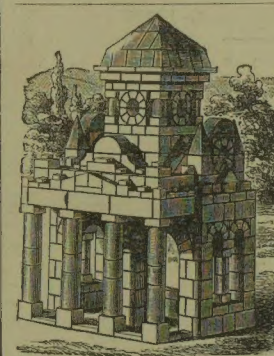
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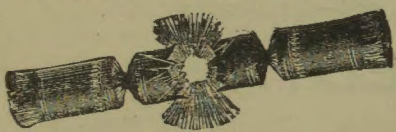
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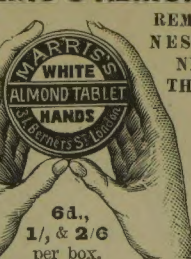
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